

THE
ROYALL
MASTER;

As it was Acted in the new
Theater in *Dublin*:

AND

Before the Right Honorable the Lord
Deputie of *Ireland*, in the Castle.

Written by JAMES SHIRLEY.

—*Fas extera querere regna.*



Printed by T. Cotes, and are to be sold by Thomas Allot and Ed-
mond Crooke, neare the Castle in *Dublin*, 1638.

LAIAVIO



To the Right Honorable,
GEORGE Earle of *Kildare*, Baron
of *Oppalie*, and Primier Earle
of the Kingdome of *Ireland*.

My Lord,



T was my happinesse be-
ing a stranger in this
kingdome, to kisse your
Lordships hands, to
which your noblenesse,
and my owne ambition
encourag'd me, nor was
it without justice to your name, to tender the
first fruits of my obseruance to your Lord-
ship, whom this Island acknowledgeth her
first native Ornament and top branch of Ho-
nour. Be pleased now my most honorable
Lord, since my Affaires in *England* hasten my
departure, and prevent my personall atten-

The Epistle Dedicatory

dance, that something of me may be honour'd
towards upon you in my absence, this Poeme,
tis new, and never yet personated, but ex-
pected with the first, when the English
Stage shall bee recovered from her long si-
lence, and her now languishing scene chan-
ged into a welcome returne of wits and men:
And when by the favour of the winds and
Sea, I salute my Country againe, I shall report
a story of the Irish honour, and hold my selfe
not meanely fortunate to have beene writ-
ten and receiv'd.

The humblest of your

Lordships servants.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

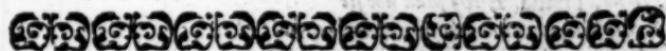
To my Ingenious Friend, James Shirley, upon his Royall Master.

 A rich gemme enchaſ'd in gold affords
More radians luſtre to the gazer's eye
Inprifon'd ſo, within it ſelfe it hoards
Up all the beauiy treasures of the ſkie,
Beames loſe reſt leſon bodies daaphane
But caſt on ſolids they rebonud againe.

So would thy lines my Friend in paper pent
Contract the whole applaſes of the age,
But ſhould they a neglected ornament
Be ſoly made the ſtudy of the Stage.

They might like water in the Sunshine ſet
Retaine his image, not impart his heat.
Then Print thy Poem Shirley, 'twere a ſault
To dungion this instructiue peice of thine,
Had the Sunnes Spheare beene made a thicker rib'd vault,
We had receiv'd no influence from his ſhine;
Thou ſhouldſt die traitor to ſucceeding times,
And thy best vertues prove but blenidleſſes.

JAMES MERVYN.



On Mr. James Shirley's Royall Master.

S
Vch curious eyes as in a Poem looke
For the moft part, doe finde the printed booke
With verſes frontispie'd, to ſhew their wit
In paſe of the authors which occations it;

And I haue seene some peeces, that haue stood
In neede of witnessesse to prove them good.
This Poets skill is here so clearely showne
In offering light to his they dimme their owne,
For all that with unsquinted eyes shall see
This well lamb'd peeces of polish'd poesie,
In justice to themselves must needs confess
Friends cannot adde, nor envie make it lesse.

F R A. B Y T L E R.

+++++
Vpon Mr. James Shirley his Comedy,
cal'd *The Royall Master.*

VV *Ben Spencer reign'd sole Prince of Poets here,*
As by his Fairy Queene doth well appeare
There was not one so blind, so bold a Bard,
So ignorantly proud or foolish-hard
To encounter his sweete Master; for Phcebus vpon him
A sharpe revenge on him shold be so proud;
And when my Shirley from the Albion shore
Comes laden with the Muses all their store
Transferres to Dublin, full Parnassus brings,
And all the riches of Castalian Springs;
Shall we not welcome him with our just votes?
And shall we doest with harsh and envious notes?
No no, Thalia, Envy shall not sit
So high above our judgement, and our wit,
As not to give just merit his due praise,
And crowne thy Poet with deserved Bayes.
Shirley stand for sh, and put thy Lawrell on,
Phcebus next beire, now Ben is dead and gone,
Truly legitimate, Ireland is so just
To say, you rise the Phenix of his dust,
And since thy Royall Master was so much
Oneach Inducion, and haib stord the sones,

Tis

*Tis fit he should be more then private, when
He weares two Crownes, their votes, and thy smooth penne.*

DR. V. COOPER.

On the *Royall Master*, to his Friend. the Author.

Smooth and unfullid lines, keepe on your way,
From envies loss le free, a cleare ey'd day
Smiles on your triumph ; onely thus to blame,
Too lavish is your sacrifice to fame.
Lesse of such perfume, to succeeding age,
The dead would sweeten, and enbalme the Stage :
Here is a pile of incense, every line
Heapes on fresh Narde, your Muse cannot decline
To intermissions, some leave hills, by turnes
Flame, and expire his Etna ever burner.

R. C. BELLING.

To my deserving Friend Mr. James Shirley, on his *Royall Master*.

ILike some petty Brooke, can a worthu name,
Must yet pay tribute to thy full-streamid fame,
But ile not strive, (as men sometimes) to raise
An uncomly structure to thy meritts praise
From others rusnes, thy just minde will scorne
To owne Encomiums so basely borne,
Therefore I write, what may become my free
Acknowledgment, and fit thy worthye.

Thy Muse I honor'd, e're I knew by sight
Thy person; oft I've scene with much delight
Thy sweete compositions: but this last; and new
Smooth peace (which here hath grac'd the publicke view)
Claims more regard; I give to all the rest
This fairest sex, but ranke this with thy best.

T. I.

To his much esteemed Friend Mr. James
Suirley, on his *Royall Master*.

You who the readers are of the choice wit,
And have the leading voice in centuring it,
Whose votes Grand: jurors are, and onely have
The well knowne power either to kill or save,
Give this a noble greeting, and its due,
May Phaebus else withdraw his beames from you.

My worthy Friend, this Play 'oth publicke Stage
Hath gain'd such faire applause, as't did engage
A nation to thy Muse, where thou shalt raigne
Vicegerent to Apollo, who doth daigne
(His darling Ben deceased) thou shouldest be
Declar'd the noire apparent to his tree.

W. MARKHAM.

To the Honour'd Author of the
Royall Master.

Dear Friend I joy my love hath found the meane
To waite upon, and vindicate thy scenes
From some few scruples of the weaker sex,
Whose nice thoughts their female minds perplex.

(For

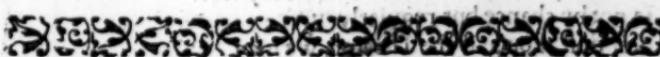
(For man be fiskes if be but censure yone
Dare deprave Kings Inauguration)
Say they, what makes the King in his dispose
So Icy-temper'd, as he frankly throwes
Freedome on all except himselfe & contraries.
The way for other men to purchase wives ?

Takes joy to forward propagation,
By Nuptiall knot, yet to him selfe none ?

Pretie poore foole, and Virgins ! how you'r kind
(Vulgarlike) are in apprehension blind ;
Come ready, you'l see when you this pece phrase

The Royall Masters Spouse is Shirries. *Muse*.
Why then to him, and her, an altar raise,
Tapers are set, flaming with equall praise
See, see, his Genius gracefull doth bend
To the just vote of every loving friend
The elevated Circle is upheld
Betwixt the binall Cherubs palmes, beheld
By all judicious eyes ; the heart, the voice
Of all ingenious doe applaud the choice
Of your great Royall Master, say, they are found
Two Monarkes with one glorious Laurell crown'd.

W. SMITH.



To his worthy Friend the Author.

A LL those thy friends subscribing to thy praise
And faire deservings, have done well, twill raise
Opinion in the readers, and engage
Them to peruse, what wee saw on the Stage.
If knowing ones, their judgement thus will be
The Commechanation's short, the Comedy
Speakes better for it selfe, more home ; but yet
My vote must goe, I say no purer wit

B

Did

No

Did ever grace the scēne, nay is it not in't
Expressions of so new, and rich a Mint,
That the old Poets well might wish the name
Of this new Play were added to their fame.

JOHN GOLDBECK

To the much honoured, James Shirley, upon his

Birth, M. 1616.

I Let no man thinke, I hither soldly came
On purpose to commend, or to seeke fame,
By this impression, that the world may lay,
What is this *Jackson* that commends the play?
Though tis a grace, to stand as Courtiers use
To usher in the reader to thy Muse,
Yet by the way, Ile tell him I have read
The Lawes of *Flaccus* with a serious head,
And that according to those Statutes there,
(Never to be repeal'd) thy Poems are.
Thy discrete stile is elegantly plaine,
In Sock and Baskin, proper to each veine
Of Time, Place, Person, and that all thy wit
Is not by chance, but regularly writ;
Nor doth thou gall the Theater, we may
Be afted every man, yet see thy Play,
Invisible, so curious is thy Pen
Which can at once, would heale, and better men,
Therefore will I hereafter cease to mourne,
For those great wits, commended to the Vnme,
And if 't be true, that transmigrations be,
They are in *Shirley* all, for ought I see.

JOHN JACSON.

On



On M. James Shirley his Royall Master.

Here are some men doe hold, there is a place
Cal'd Limbus Patrum, if such have the grace
To wave that Schisme, and Poëtarum said
They of that faith had me a member made,
That Limbus I could have hellev'd thy braine
Where Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespeare, & a traine
Of glorious Poets in their active heate
Move in that Orbe, as in their former seate.
When thou began'st to give thy Master life,
Me thought I saw them all, with friendly strife
Each casting in his dose, Beaumont his weight,
Shakespeare his mirth, and Fletcher his conceit,
With many more ingredients, with thy skill
So sweetely tempered, that the envious quill
And tongue of Criticks must both write and say,
They never yet beheld a smoother Play.

JAMES MERVYN.

100% MnO₂ only 10% MnO

МЕРЫАН М. ЗАМЯТИН



THE FISRT ACT.

Enter King of Naples, the Duke of Florence, Montalo, Ottavio, Riviero, Andruzio, Guido, Aloigio, Alexio,

Duke Are great in all that's good.
 King You shew the bounty
 Of your opinion, my extent in
 all things
 Is but to bid you welcome, you
 had a father,
 The envy of the Angels whilst
 she lived
 Our Queene, now made their
 blest companion, and hold but right if we saye
 Should wee except those fated deserts dwell in you,
 So much we owe her memory.

Duke Pray no more.

Rivi. We must not be too open, truest friend,
 Thy bolome is my Sanctuary,

Andr. When it leaves

To be Religious for thy safery, may it
 By an angry flame from heaven, be turnd to ashes.

Duke Your nature is too soft, let not the mention
 Of her that was my sister, and your Queene
 Beget another sigh, she was long since bickt,

The Royall Master.

*Colours is in betwen, we are met for joyes,
You were not framed to be her Moniment,
Slope let her ashes in the urne, conserues 'em.
King. I ha done.*

Enter Thondes, Ladies.

Duke, Your sister.

*King. Is all the treasure
Is left me then, but cannot be too rich
For your acceptance.*

*Duke. All my wealth is summ'd
When shee does smile upon me, and her Character
In the full glory, when shee's nam'de your sister,
Are you not wary of a greate care Madam?
Am I still welcome?*

*Theo. Sir wee are
All honour'd in your presence, and though not high
To your merit, yet your entertainement is,
As full of love, as nature can expresse
To a twin brother, more I dare preschew
You shall accuse your selfe, if you be lesse,
A Prince in Naples, by free use of power,
Then your owne Florence.*

*Duke. Madam you must be
Lesse faire, and powerfull in tongue, if you
Expect I shoulde be still a Prince; and yet
My ambition will be high, and glorious
Enough to be receiv'd your Graces servant;
For whom I shoulde account my age no travell,
To have my pilgrimage rewarded with
Your faire eyes Madam, able to create
Another life and spirit in old Nature.*

King. How does Montalto like the Duke?

*Montal. Sir, Naples cannot study an addition
Of fame, beyond what this alliance will
Deserve in future story, the excesse
Of what is good, nay excellent in his
would stocke a barren Province;*

King. Tis our happiness.

Montal.

The Royall Master.

Monte. But 'tis not mine, for though I thinke disengaged
My face, and tongue, my heart is my owne friend,
And cannot wish my ambition supplanted
By any smooth chin'd Prince alive, my Lords—

Andr. Look how they flock, and fawne upon his greatness,
These are his creatures, by his power plac'd
So neare about the King, he can heare nothing
Of his great favorite, but what their flattery
And partiall tongues convey into his care.

Rivi. Pitty so sweete a name as the Kings
Should be abus'd by Parasites, but I may
In time dissolve these court mists, that so long
Have hung upon't, and render the Kings eyes
Free to distinguish objects, if there be
No witchcraft exerciz'd upon his senses.

1 Lady. My Lord you are very pleasant.

Ottav. Is it not

Becoming the discretion of a young
Courtier to observe times and methods, and when Madams
Are you for this march?

1 Lady. What my Lord?

Ottav. You wod not
Be sad at heart, to sleepe with such a bedfellow
As the Duke is?

2 Lady. How my Lord?

Ottav. Provided
Matrimony were not farre of, yet without it
There are some Ladies, would excuse their modestie,
And meete and thinke their fate at all adventures,
If no worse man would make their husband of
The honorable order of the night-cap.

1 Lady. When will you marry my Lord?

Ottav. I am young,
Yet when I am ripe to grapple with a maidenhead,
The Lord Monte is the great Court Patron,
Will helpe me to a wife.

2 Lady. You are bound to his Lordship.

Ottav. And so I am Madam, if you knew all;

The Royall Master.

I have many obligations to his honour,
But there is one writ here, whose memory
Will keepe my soule awake.

King. Andrusio. —

Guido. I doe not like their conference.

Mons. Las he has no imployment in the state;
He waites like a dull cipher, and I have
My spies upon him, if I finde him basie,
My power with the king shall soone transplant him,
Or force him like *Riviero* his old friend,
But of more braine and faction, to give up
His ghost abroad.

Alo. Twas just for your owne safety.

Mons. This is an honest easy Nobleman,
Allowed to weare some Court formallity;
Walk on the tarres, picke his teeth, and stroake
Vpon a festivall some golden sentence
Out of his beard, for which the guard admire him,
And cry him up a Statesman, hee's sent off
When he is troublesome to a phlegmaticke clime
A dull Embassadour, no, that Duke *Guido*
Is all my feare, but I have contrived something
May rectifie my fate.

Duke. How much you honour me,
But you might spare all other entertainements
And bravery of Court, they may affect
My eyes with wonder, and oblige my just
Acknowledgement, but all their glorie's mer
Into one height, hold no proportion
To inflame my heart, or more expresse my welcome
Then this your free grace Madam, and those hopes
That blesse my imagination from your favour.

Theo. I am but wht my brothers love, and vertue
Will make me, but there's nothing that can move
With his content, I shanmor me to obey.

Mons. I had rather feede upon his heart,
You promis'd Sir the Duke to hunt this morning.

King. I had forgot, will you be pleased to try

The Royal Master.

The pleasures of a Forrest.

Duke. Ile attend.

King. Theodofsa, you are not for that exercise.
Guido.

Theo. I wish all pleasures waite upon you.
My heart mest cover your regall.

Duke. And mine,
To dwell for ever in so faire a boord.

King. To horse; the morning walls.

Mon. Some policie
Must cure this feare, my bold resolues are high
I have made some attemptes and escourte her
But shee has not understand me, I must worke
By counterming and scatter into aire
His swelling hopes.

Ottav. My good Lord.

Andr. Sir I present this Gentleman to you
Your hand, hee's the Dukes secretary, a Roman
Borne, and has a great ambition
To be knowne to you for your fathers sake, to ake
With whom he did conuincse in Ross, and diffidue
Till death concluded their acquaintance.

Ottav. Sir,
Your love, and knowledge of my father will
Deserve you shoulde be welcome to him.

Rivi. He made me his kompanion that heare
No brothers were more chain'd in their affection
He did impart much of his bosome to me,

Ottav. You knew why he left Naples, and in what circumstance
Rivi. He did trust me, with the conuincing of his friends and secret
The Kings minoritie, and Montaloes power
Gainst which no innocents could plead in Naples.

Andr. Not to loud Sir, you may be heard.

Rivi. Your pardon, Sir, by should much
Faint at the name of greatness? that this
Montalo is but mortall sure, time has

Forgot to use his wings, or naturall powre.

Ottav. The King, the Duke, and Guido

W.

The Royall Master.

To take revenge upon that polititian,
Our Protean favourite.

Rivi. It is my wonder
The King so strangely should continue this
Affection to Montalte.

Olav. There's some magick in't.

Rivi. Dare none complaine.

Andr. His engines are so plac'd
None can approach the king's gave, at which hang
So many flatterers to infect if with
Montalte's praise.

Rivi. Pray give me sir this boldnesse,
Hee that doth hit an Axe to strike the roote
Of any family, cannot be without
Wrought to wound the branches, you were left
By computation, but an Infant when
Your fathers, discontent, and faction of Isingry
This Montalte made him forfaine to Naples,
Which added to your mothers death, the grand
And comforts of your life, were taken from you
Having express this meane to your father,
A thousand wayes he might have sent you to
Another world, and taken off all feare
Of a revenge, how comes it that you live,
And visit Sir the Pallace with this freedome.

Olav. My Lord, that same knowledge of you sir,
Is my assurance of your faith.

Andr. Ie give
You reasons at some opportunity
Not to repaire your confidence.

Olav. You have
Supplied my father in your care of me
I live? why I am this great Lords favorite,
Courted his creatures are my honours
Companion to his pleasures.

Rivi. I observ'd
Some gestures very loving to your Lordship.

Olav. The King himselfe for his like gracing me

With

The Royall Master.

With title of his bed-chamber.

Rivi. Tis strange,
This newes will coole my resolution.

Andr. Tis truth he doth ingage him to all favours.

Rivi. Tis not impossible he may be honest.

Otha. And meane so, but my soule cannot be brib'd
So easily to prostrate my owne justice.

And leave my fathers ashes unreveng'd.

Which in my eare groane from beneath the Marble.

To keepe my thoughts awake;

Andr. We may suspect

This is to catch applause a tricke to winne

Vpon the people whod love *Riviers*

And mourne his fate.

Othav. How ever I have art

To keep my breast close, and accept his flatteries,

Can compleatment and with officious bend

Thanke his high favours, weare a face of mirth

And prattle with the Ladies as if all

The busynesse I came into the world for,

Were but to talke and dance, and goe a feasting.

Rivi. I must presume, you want no counsell from

My Lord who loved your father, how to manage

Your selfe to best advantage of your fame

And honour, unto both I am a servant.

Andr. My Lord *Montalto*, may expect you Sir.

Rivi. It is not safe we be observ'd too much.

Othav. My Lord you have begun a favour by

The acquaintanee of this Gentleman, I will

Hope to salute him often by your meane,

You shall not meete a heart more prompt to bid

You welcome Sir.

Rivi. You too much grace your servant,

I shall present a trouble.

Othav. Come my Lord.

Rivi. Montaloes change hath faggard me already.

These favours may be hearty to *Othavio*,

And argument of penitence, he observe

The Royal Miser.

And fist his close heart if it prove infognd;
He whots revenge to make the deeper wound.

Exit.

Enter Guido, Bombo.

Guid. I woud speake with your Lady Sir.

Bom. You may.

Guid. Direct me.

Bom. With which of my Ladies.

Guid. With both, or one.

Bom. I serve the daughter.

Guid. I would speake with her.

Bom. Shee is — I know not where.

Guid. What Coxcombe's this.

Enter Facamo.

Guid. Dost heare friend, I would speake with my Lady
Simpborosa.

Jacam. This way and please your Lordship.

Guid. Stay preethe, what fellowe's that?

Jacam. A servant of my Ladies.

Guid. Is he mad?

Luca. A little phantastike, but very harmelesse,
And makes my Ladies mery, my young Madam

Domitilla calls him her secretary for sport;

And wonder of his good parts.

Guid. What are they?

Luca. He can neither write nor reade,

Guid. An excellent Secretary.

Jac. But he has beene much given too'r,
To reading, till much poring night and day

Made him booke blinde, and defying spectacles;

He walkes and thinkes he is wise, and talkes upon:

His old Stocke.

Guid. Preetbe acquaint my Lady, ith meane time.

He have more dialogue with him;

Save you Sir.

Bom. Save your selfe Sir, you are Itak't a Courtier.

Guid. And you my Ladies Secretary.

Bom. I am so.

Guid. I heare you are an understanding Secretary.

Bom.

The Royall Master.

Bom. Tis so, I am; how came you by that knowledge?

Guid. We have your fame at Court Sir.

Bom. Can you reade?

Guid. I heare you cannot.

Bom. Right.

Guid. Nor write.

Bom. Tis true.

Guid. What make you with a booke? ha this is Euclid.

Bom. Euclid, it may be so.

Guid. Why these are Mathematickes.

Bom. I have a Chest full of them in my custody,

They were my old Lords, gray when I tooke charge on 'em.

But now looke spruce and young, there's something in 'em.

Gu. What in the name of ignorance dost thou doe with 'em.

Bom. I am excellent at turning over leaves,

By which I keepe the wormes away.

Guid. Most learnedly.

Bom. I learnt it of my Ladies Chaplaine Sir;

Men are not alwayes bound to understand

Their Library, but to omit learning,

Not now consider'd by wise men, what is

Your busynesse here I pray?

Guid. It does concerne

Your selfe, the King has heard of your good parts.

Bom. Sir, as you love me say you saw me not,

I knew I should one time or other be

Found-out for state imployments, heer's my Lady.

Enter Simphorosa, Domitilla.

I must obscure my selfe.

Domit. Why how now Secretary,

Whether so fast.

Bom. You little thinkē.

Domit. What preethe.

Bom. Nor ever would beleevē, but tis not my fault.

If the King come in person, hee not be seene.

Domit. The King.

Bom. Few words, there's one I know him not

Is little better then a spy upon me,

The Royall Master.

If you looke not to me I am gone.

Exit.

Domit. So it seemes.

Simp. How? dine to day with us.

Guid. Such is his royll pleasure,

He is now hunting with the Duke, whom he
Intends to make your guest too.

Simp. My Lord I am not us'd to entertainments,
Nor is my house fit for so great a presence,
To avoide a storne they might obey
Necessity, and take it for some shelter,
But in so calme a day.

Guid. Madam although
You please to undervalew what's your owne,
The King despaires not you will bid him welcome,
You have no narrow dwelling, and be knowes
Your heart is spacious like your fortunes Madam,
Princes doe honour when they come upon
Their subjects invitation, but they love
Where they invite themselves.

Simp. My duty is
To meeke that interpretation, though the newes
Come unexpected, now it will my Lord
Become me to be thrifte of the minute,
Their persons being so neare, you will excuse
If so short summons doe expect my care
To entertaine 'em, my good Lord you have honor'd me.

Guid. Tis service I am bound to.

Exit Simp.

Domit. Pray my Lord,
In your opinion, what should moove the King
To invite himselfe our guest, and bring the Duke
Along with him, he us'd not to retire
From hunting with this ceremony.

Guid. Princes.

Are like the windes, and not to be examin'd
Where they will breath their favours.

Domit. Tis confess

An honour to us, and I hope you'll pardon
A womans curiositie.

Guid.

The Royal Master.

Guid. Shall I deliver my opinion, while the King
Deliver my opinion, while the King
In entertainement of the Duke is shewing
The pleasures and the glories of his kingdom
He cannot hide, that which his *Naples* boasteth,
Her greatest ornament your beauty Madam.

Domit. I thanke your Lordship, I may now believe
The court's remooving hither, yet this language
Might doe you service to some other Lady
And I release it willingly, your complements
I know my Lord are much worse for wearing.

Guid. You rather will believe your selfe worth praise
Then heare it, though we call it modesty,
It growes from some thing like a woman's pride,
But it becomes you Madam, I take leave,
My service to your noble Lady mother.

Domit. Mine shall attend your Lordship,
Enter Simplicia.

Simp. Now Domitilla, is my Lord gone?

Dom. Yes Madam.

Simp. I expected not to see him, when I
These guests to day, they'd take as unprepared.

Domit. Not with our hearts to serve 'em, and their goodness,
Will excuse other want.

Simp. I know not daughter, But I could wish rather to enjoy our selves,
Not for the cost those thoughts are still beneath me.

Dom. You have cause to feare I hope you are troubled.

Simp. For thy sake Domitilla, bid you of

Dom. Mine dearest Madam, bid you of

Simp. It was for thee I chose this quiet life
Upon thy fathers death, and left the court,
Thou art all my care, sole heire to all my fortunes,
Which I should see unwillingly bestowed.

Dom. I cannot catch all that you say

Your meaning.

Simp. By some hasty marriage.

Dom.

The Royall Master.

Dom. You would have me live a Virgin, a lesse fortune
Would serve me for a Name,

Sim. Tis not my thought, but I will be no mountaineer of
Thou art young and faire, and though I doe not
Suspect thy mindes, thus faire bred up to vertue, id to make
I would not have it tempted but referyde
For a most noble choyce, wherein should meet
My care and thy obedience.

Dom. Y'are my mother, so much as to say not my ob-sight
And have so faire by your example taught me, whereof I beth
I Shall not neede the precepte of your vertue, id to wond
Andles no thought of me take from your cheerefullnesse
To entertaine the King, we own him duty
And that charme we'not hurtus.

Sim. This does please me, I wish him may a good r'nt.

Dom. It shall be still my study, I beth now to wond

Sim. I must see jn h'p. I tooke b'fesse he'f on M. these
How they prepare, things may want method else.

Dom. And you i' the world, *Exit Simpborosa.*

Enter Ottavio.

Ott. I kisse your faire hand Madam, *Domitilla.* I quic
The King and Duke and all the jolly huntress
With appetites as fierce as their owne hounds,
Will be here prelenty.

Dom. I hope they will not, *Domitilla.* I quic
Devoure us my good Lord, *Ott.* I quic

Ott. But I would sit and feast and feed mine ey's
With *Domitilla's* beauty, *Domitilla.* I quic

Dom. So my Lord, here was a gentleman, *Ott.* I quic
You could not choose but mette him shakyn your diddell, *Ott.* I quic
I have forgot his name, but he was sent, *Ott.* I quic
Great Lord.

Ott. Fye what ignorance you live in, *Domitilla.* I quic
Not to be perfect in a great Lord's service, *Domitilla.* I quic
There are few Ladies live with us but *King*, *Domitilla.* I quic
The very Pages, leave this darkenesse *Domitilla.* I quic
And shine in your owne sphere, where every starre
Hath his due adoration.

Dom. Where?

Ott.

The Royall Master.

Offav. The Count
Confine such beastie to a Countrey house,
Live among Hindes, and thicke skind fellowes that
Make faces, and will hop a furlong backe
To finde the tother leg they threw away
To shew their reverence, with things that squat
When they should make a curtsey, to Courte Madam
And live not thus for shame, the second part
Of a fond Anchorite, we can distinguish
Of beauty there and wonder without spectacles,
Write Volumes of your praise, and tell the world
How envious diamonds, cause they could not
Reach to the lustre of your eyes dissolv'd
To angry teares, the Roses droope, and gathering
Their leaves together, seeme to chide their blusshes
That they must yeeld your cheeke the victory:
The Lillies when they are censur'd for comparing
With your more cleare and native purity
Want white to doe their pennance in.

**Dom. Se, se, I solitaria, viva, singolare, or morte,
Have you done now my young poetick Lord.**

There will be no end Madam of your praises
Dom. And to no end you have spent all this breath,
Allow all this were wit, that some did thinke us
The creatures they command (and those whom love
Hath curst into Idolatry and vice
May perhaps die so) wee doe know our selves
That we are no such things.

Q8a. Is possible.

Dom. And laugh at your *Chimeras*.
Ota. Y'are the wiser.
Dom. If this be your *court practise*, let me dwell
With truth and plainesimplicity.

*Off. If I
Might have my choyse, I would live with you Madam,
A neighbour to this innocence, your mother.*

Enter Stophorus, a servant to the King.
The King is come already.

Enser Stomphores from the Malabar Coast.

The King is come already.

The Royall Muster.

Enter King, Duke, Montalto, Guido,

Arvise, Alexio; a companye that entred

King. Madam thought you are
So unkinde as not to see the court sometime,
The court is come to visite you.

Sim. You have
Humbled your selfe too much to doe us honord.

King. The Duke of Florence.

Sim. Tis a blessing shal
My roofer can boast so great a guest.

King. Her daughter
Worth your falus; blisse verth thine almonrib fro me wold

Duke. Shee is woth a world my Lord,
What is that Ladie name?

Mont. In this you shal
Appeare a stranger; she is the glory, joy, blosom, vertue, &c. of
Of Naples; for her person and her vertues
That dwells in this opstone place like the shrine
Of some great Saint, to which devotion
From severall parts brings daily men like pilgrimes.

Duke. Her ~~manke~~ ~~beautie~~ shal bring you well shal be
Mont. Shee is wth beauty, chafficy, and all
That can make woman lovely to mans soule,
So farre from the capacite of ill
That vertuall aches of her Sex
Like staines, but fit of her perfeccion,
And when is named ~~alleged~~ ~~as celle~~ in her titles,
The ornament, nay glory, of them all
Is *Domitilla* Sir.

Duke. You speake her high,
And I may guesse by your description
My Lord shal lady haue another name,
Shee is your mistresse.

Mont. Not saime, she was created for some Prince,
And can haue her vertues bring a fortune,
Worth his embracco.

Duke. What charmeare in her looks.

Mont. Are you there Duke, this meeting was my project,
Things

The Royall Master.

Things may succeede to my ambition,
If I doe noose your highnesse.

Sim. Please your Majesties
King. All things must please here
Duke. I follow Sir.

Sim. This is a grace I ever must be proud of.

Exeunt.

The second Act.

Bom. Bombo, Iacomo.

Bom. Have they almost dined? stay, stay a little, ever and if
Iaca. The last course is o'dy table,

Why doe not you waite?

Bom. That were a way indeede to be discovered,
No, the King shall pardon me, he has bin foolded A. now
Not seene me yet for all his cunning,

Iaca. Whom doe you meane.

Bom. The King, thou art ignorant
Ile tell thee after dinner, i' th meane time
Direct a wandring bottle of wine this way
And let me alone though I appearre not in't
I may have a humour to make a Maske if they
Stay supper.

Iac. Thou make a Maske.

Bom. I doe not say Ile write one, for I ha' not
My writing tongue, though I could once have read,
But I cangive if neede be the designe,
Make worke among the Deale-boards, and perhaps
Can teach' em as good language as another, though Ile
Of competent ignorance, things goe not now
By learning, I have read is but to bring
Some pretty impossibilities, for Antemaskes
A little fence and wit dispos'd with chrift,
With here and there Monsters to make 'em laugh;
For the grand businesse to have *Mercury*,
Or *Venus Dandepret* to usher in

D a

Some

The Royall Master.

Some of the gods that are good fellowes dancing,
Or goddeses, and now and then a song
To fill a gap, a thousand crownes perhaps
For him that made it, and theres all the wit.

Iaca. In what?

Bom. In getting of the money.

Iaca. You are witty signior Rombo to advance
The muse, Ile fetch a bottle that you talk'd of. *Exit.*

Bom. If there be a superfluous Pheasant
Twill quell my hunger for a time, I heare
Intelligence of an Oleo, if any
Such things may be recovered from the courtiers.
That have ~~big~~ appetites upon hunting dinners.
You shannott neede to enquire much after me.

Enter Iacamo.

I shall be here abouts, why thou hast wings.

Iaca. A bottle of rich wine.

Bom. Thos wert always honest.

Iaca. There's asking for my Ladies Secretary

Bom. I knewt, I am not here,
Doe they inquire already? come Ile pledge thee,
What wilt thou say, if some body be sent for to Court.

Iaca. Ile drinke some bodies health.

Bom. Th'art a good fellow, and this curtesie
Shall be remembred.

Within call Iacamo.

Iaca. I am cald.

Bom. Leave, leave your wicker, frien weele drinke a cup.
When thou art gone, tis very excellent wine,
And now I have a stomacke like an eige toole,
But no good comes of idlenesse—tother cup,
The bottle growes light headed; how now friend?
No dish of meat appeare, nothing to shew
The Kitchin and the Wineseller are friends?
I would the Cooke were rostet honest. *Iacamo*

Enter Iacamo, and Pietro.
I was thinking of a brace of Cocks just as you came.

Iaca. I have retriv'd a covey of Partridge for thee.

Pietro. And a cup of Greeke wine, beeres to thee.

Bom. I understand Greeke wine, Ile lose no time.

Iaca.

The Royal Master

Jaca. What's this a Booke.

Bom. No, tis my learned trencher

Which Schollers sometimes eare, Euclid they call it.

In my opinion this wing and legge

Is worth all bodies mathematicall;

Now let's dispute in Greek, to the Kings health.

Pie. To me, ile pledge.

Jaca. It shall goe round.

Bom. And why doe you think my friend the King

Came hither with the Duke.

Pie. To dine.

Bom. Thy braines are in thy guts, you shall heare more,

Whats this?

Jaca. Potato Bulley.

Bom. A cup of wine to cleare the paſſage, so,

Here is as they ſay Latine : here is Greeke, and

Here is for ought I know an Hebrew roote, most learnedly,

Met together.

Jaca. Heele be drunke preſently.

Bom. Bottle in batte ray, preſent, give fire, ſo as

You were ; have they good ſtomacks. *Jacamo?*

How feeds the King ?

Jaca. He was very pleauant with your Lady,

But the Duke ſeedes upon her looks.

Bom. My Ladies health, my Lady little *Domitillars* health.

Pie. Well laid, about, about.

Bom. I am about another to our reverend Lady *Siphorosa*,

So, so, this wine they ſay will make us ſee things double,

Here is but one Leg visible ; well for this favour

Gentlemen if I be for'd to live in court Ile make

You all in time, who can write or reade among you.

Bom. None, none, we ſcorne it.

Bom. You ſhall have all preferment truſt to me,

And marke my ſteps, heere to the curteous drinker,

Now doe I finde a noble conſtitution in me, now

Could I leape, would thou wert any living Lady,

In my way now.

Jaca. Away, the Lords are riſen.

THE ROYAL PAGEANT

Bom. The Lords doe rite and falleth a sailing w^t A. 1611
Pier. Hees paid, the King will come this way. N. 1611

Bom. Every man goeth his owne way, I w^t on't see the King for all this. 1611

Enter Guido, Alexia, Alonzo, with the Duke & Friend. 1611

Guid. This is the Ladies Secretary, pray my Lords, 1611
Be acquainted with him. 1611

Bom. De^t heare no body say he saw me, I w^t on't see him 1611
Be scene yet. 1611

Guid. Though he be made a spectacle, but leav^t him 1611
Tw^t a handsome entertainment to the fiddlers. 1611

Alo. A pretty hunting dinner, but did you not 1611
Observe with what intention the Duke 1611
Shot eyes on *Damisilla*. 1611

Alex. And the King 1611
Applied all his discourse to her, I know not 1611
He has made no vow against a second marriage 1611
But if he choo^te at home and looke^t at beauty. 1611

Guid. Shee a very pretty talking Lady. 1611

Ale. Very ingenious. 1611

Alo. And with your favour, though she be no Court Lady. 1611

Shee wants no confidence. 1611

Alex. What if the Duke be taken with her, 1611

Guid. Let him be taken a bed with her, tis my opinion 1611
My Lord Montalto w^t on't die for greefe o^r t^t 1611

Alo. They are here. 1611

Duke Montalto. 1611

Mont. Your grace is fad, excuse, 1611

My dilligence to waite on you, I could wish 1611

If it made no intrasian on your thoughts, 1611

I had opportunity to exprefle 1611

What might not be unworthy of your patience. 1611

Duk. To me. 1611

Enter King, leads *Damisilla*. 1611

Mont. The King 1611

This way Ladies to the Garden, let me have 1611

The honour to attend you. 1611

Exit Duke Montalto.

King.

The Royal Master.

King. Wheres the Duke? a new entred into it, AND
Guid. He tooke that way to the Garden Sir, with him on O

The Lord Montague, with whom he shoulde come to day with T

King. You may remove a little; EMB. old. 14

You have no feare to trust your selfe with me and Jacob. 15

Dom. I cannot Sit for you are the King, and in. 16
And in a Wildernes could have no shought and in. 17
With the least prejudice upon your vertue. and in. 18

King. You have the greater innocence at home, and in. 19
My intents are faire enough, and you may stand and in. 20
The danger of a question, pray how old are you? and in. 21

Dom. Although it be no held a welcome complement and in. 22
To our Sex, my duty bids me not dispute. and in. 23
I am fifteene my mother saies. and in. 24

King. And are and in. 25
You not in love. and in. 26

Domit. I must not charge my selfe and in. 27
With so much ignorance to answer, that and in. 28
I understand not what it means, I know and in. 29
The word, but never could apply the sense. and in. 30
Or finde it in a passion more then ordinary. and in. 31

King. Cupid hath lost his quiver then, he could not and in. 32
Be armde, and let you scape, whole sole captivitie is yours. and in. 33
Would be more glory then the conquest made. and in. 34
As Poets faine upon the gods. and in. 35

Dom. Tis language and in. 36
With which you are pleas'd to mocke your humble handmaid. and in. 37

King. But this assures him blinde. and in. 38
Dom. He would deserve and in. 39

To lose his eyes indeede if he should and in. 40
A shaft at me. and in. 41

King. Madam you have a heart. and in. 42
Dom. To which no other and in. 43

Flame can approach; then what shall light it to. and in. 44
Obedience of your will and my good masters. and in. 45

King. Obedience to my will, what if it were and in. 46
My will that you should love. and in. 47

Dom. Sir, I doe love. and in. 48

King.

The Royall Master.

King. Love with the warme affection of a mistresse
One Ile present a seruante why that blushe, blood and blaw
The words are not immodest, there did want blaw
No blood upon your cheeke to make it lovely, no Y aw
Or does it flow in silence to expresse the earnest or earnest
That which your virgin language would not be
So soone held guilty of, contented blushe I am to beare her in her selfe

Dom. To what ? now you maye with me I alreadie w

King. To love by my direction a man
Whose worth consider'd shall deserve thee too,
And in the noblest way invite thy freedome
Vntill the holy Priests declare, your hearts
Are knit into one blessing, theres no harme
In this.

Dom. Most royall Sir I know not, with
What words to say, you honour me, how can
One so unworthy as poore *Domestica* make me flattery
Be entertain'd within your thoughts and care
In this high nature.

King. Though your mother have bin a bawd, I know not
Made both her person and your selfe a stranger
To Court, I have had eyes upon your vertues
Which waited on by a most ample fortune,
I have studied to advance, if you'll accept
A husband of a my choise, what say you Madam?

Dom. I have a mother Sir.

King. Shee shall thinke it fortunate
bove expectation, you have not vowed your selfe
To a cold Nunnery.

Dom. Not I Sir, this blawfull triffling bawdry, did end of

King. When
I shall declare how pretious he is
To my owne bosome.

Dom. Royall Sir, this language
Must needs prepare a welcome, I shoule thinke
My heart unlike another wehans, no
To obey a charme so powerfull as your praise,
But when you are considered as my King,

Duty

The Royall Master.

Duty takes off the merit of my will, and doth oblige me
And humble every thought beneath obedience.

King. His name is.

Dom. Pardon I beseech you Sir, for whom you see fit to chuse.
Conceale it yet, what gentle spirit walkes on Earth, and in
Vpon my blood, I dare not looke upon him. What shapes of
My hopes my feares, it is enough great Sir, onely this I say
That you leave one within your thought, you would
Commend to *Domitilla* one your love, who is now a friend
And pretious to your bosome, sure you blest him.

With such a Character.

King. It was too short.

Dom. My heart is a false Prophet, tis a fate
Too good and great for *Domitilla*.

King. Well his name shall be refervd, but when it opens
It selfe to your knowledge you will honour it, and
And thanke me *Domitilla*, ith meane time upon Earth,
Let the opinion you have of me
Live in your trust, and make roome in your heart
To mee the husband I shall bring.

Dom. Why may not this be meane by his owne person
More wonders have beene read in story, I od a King
Finde thicke but amorous tremблings in my heart,
Hee's King, why not? love has done stranger things,
And can lead captive the proud heart of Kings.

Enter Duke, Montalte, and others.

Duke. Herenone can reach our voyce be free and cleare.

Mon. First let me kisse your hand, on which I sweare
To speake all truth, tis justice to your person,
Your meritt and my faith, next though the secret
May both concerne and benefit your knowledge,
I shall desire your pardon.

Duke. You prepare me
For wonder, if it be an act of friendship,
To me, it twill become me to reward it,
Not thankes, nor pardons.

Mon. But all truthe meet no greate reward
With charitable cares, there is a descent

That

E

The Royall Master.

That pleases not sometimes though the best art
Present it, if our sense be indispos'd
To patience and calme hearing.

Duke. Doe not doubt me.

Mons. Twill not become me so much as in thought
To enquire how longe with what firme devotion,
You affect the Princeesse, *Therese*,
But *Naples* is more conscious, then to doubt
You bring a welcome treaty in your person,
And every voice and heart is busie with the
The expectation of your marriage;
Whilst every eye bright with your shame is able
To light a Torch to *Hymen*, *Virginshave*,
No other care then with what flowers sweet
As your owne name to adorne the smiling altars.

Duke. You promis'd Sir a secret.

Mons. It will come
To fast upon your knowledge, have you never
Look'd from the prospect of your Pallace window,
When some faire sky courted your eye to reade,
The beauties of a day, the glorious Sunne
Enriching so the bosome of the earth
That trees and flowers appear'd but like so much
Enamell upon gold, the wanton birds
And every creature but the drudging Ante
Despising providence, and at play, and all
That world you measure with your eye, so gay
And proud, as winter were no more to shake.
His Icy Lockes upon 'em, but the breath
Of gentle *Zephire* to perfume their growth,
And walke eternally upon the Springs,
When from a coast you see not comers a cloud
Creeping as overladen with a storme,
Darke as the wombe of night, and with her wings
Surprising all the glories you behold;
Leaves not your frighted eyes a light to see
The ruines of that flattering day.

Duke. This Language

Cantus

Carries both mystery and horror, pray
My Lord convey your meaning to my knowledge.

Mon. I shall, I had in vaine prepared you thus else,
Pardon againe the story *Theodosia*, how this person neithee the Y
More beautifull then the day I figur'd by her, shew'd or else quicke
Is quite o'recast and looks through an eclipsisod fleshit o'e
Vpon your love shew'd haue indicat'd, but what shew'd shew'd but
Another is possest of.

Duke. Ha.

Mont. I know shew'd his verred haubill, however I
It cannot but affiote your thoughts that all shew'd your knowl'dge
Your expectation ripe and courted, to haue a experimontow
The enjoying such a treasure as shew'd is, shew'd
Must finish in embrasing of a shaddow, shew'd
Invited to a fable, not a bride, brough from shew'd shew'd
That should with joy dwelt in your princely armes,
For *Theodosia* without sacrilege
Cannot be yours, shew'd is contracted.

Duke. How? The King of Naples must not Sir ingage
Florence to such a mackery.

Mon. Tis my duty to cleare his honour, and o'e, o'e, o'e to shew
To cleare his honour isn't he has a pure
Intention to make his sister yours, her close shew'd
Though hogorble love's desigh'd without, o'e, o'e, o'e
His knowledge, and you will but waste your rage
Vpon her destiny which will bury her
In her owne ruines, if your anger make
The King her enemy.

Duke. I doe not finde My heart in any disposition
To breake at hearing of this newes, but wish'd
Truth to prepare roomes for another guest,
The fairer *Domitilla* is here saifed.

Mont. Your excellencie:

Duke. Must not be thus affronted
Montalto, and returne with this dishonour,
Was there no cheaper person to be made

The Royall Master.

Ridiculous in Naples. *Very ridiculous you seeme indeede.*

Mont. Call your blood; *intention* such as you had, by me
I know you must be sentie, but let not my birth or fortune
Your passion make the world beleive you should. *angry and* *bold*
Dispaire to finde and spitt as your bosome, *dislike* *bold*
The richest beauty in the world, your birth *bold* *bold* *bold*
And fortune must deserve me I should curse. *bold* *bold* *bold*
My forward duty to your grace. *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold*

Duke. No more *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold*
I have considered better and althoough *would* *would* *would*
Your love may merit thankes yet this intelligence *would* *would* *would*
Wooner concerne my f.ith, this cannot be. *would* *would* *would* *would*

Mont. My honour is engag'd then to convince you *bold* *bold*
Though with the hazard of my life and fortunes, *bold* *bold* *bold*
Both which must now depend upon your mercy; *bold* *bold* *bold*
Your breath shall make *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold*

Duke. What means *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold*
Montalt. *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold*

Mont. To translate the power of all *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold*
My Starres, and make a Lord of my whole state *bold* *bold* *bold*
The deedes of her heart Sir should be mine by force *bold* *bold* *bold*
Gift of her selfe, who has beene pleas'd to take *bold* *bold* *bold*
My vowes in the exchange; which now I may boastfull *bold* *bold*
Some time and groweth, which could not be a sinne remouing *bold* *bold*
Against your love, with which all that eare springed *bold* *bold*
From me deserves no name, nor dare I take *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold*
Boldenesse to call her mine, who am a thing *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold*
Lighter then ayre in ballance with your grace; *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold*
If you but chide the ambition and could render, *bold* *bold* *bold*
Though I commit a rape on my owne life, *bold* *bold* *bold*
All that her love hath promis'd me. *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold*

Duke. Tis strange, *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold*

Mont. But she let me take freedome to be plain'd, *bold* *bold* *bold*

Duke. Is not to be redic'd youle say, *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold*

Mont. Sir, women *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold* *bold*

Love not with that safegard upon their passion. *bold* *bold* *bold*

Duke. Shee has a wile are to dissemble then, *bold* *bold* *bold*

Mont. Tis feare it should arrive at the King knowledge. *bold* *bold*

The Royal Match.

In whose displeasure shee is lost and noe resorte for her to haue
A will to mocke your grace, for whom there is
Another wound within her minde, that shee blyowyd and will
Shoold were a smiling sunne in her browne no Y^e see G^e
Yet frost within her hearte, in which unhappily no oll^e see K^e
Shee comes to haue the nature of the Adamanne, emperour
Hard to your grace whom shee attracts, but love
Your wisedome knowes is in the volume of
Our fate decreede, whose periods when they are
By time made knowne, greatnesse & meaneſſe, that meaneſſe
To play the tyrant with us, may have strength
To punish not reverse.

Duke. I am conſiderande fluring James up blyowyd and T^e see G^e
And prosper in my thoughtes euered and I amoluberoni and T^e

Mont. It takes.

Duke. My Lord, You have expressid a conſiderande
Which I must not betray thought to my leſſe,
It is ſome happineſſe to know this early ſome enwo and ſome
We may be expected, you ſhall finde me ſit^e D^e aye. Why this ſit^e D^e
A Prince, but ſome upſet^e ſome a Prince and ſome
My love, ſome a Prince and ſome

The King. A Prince, ſome a Prince and ſome A Prince
Enter King, Simplicio, Dantalion, Guido, A Prince A Prince A Prince

Alcifio, Alexio. A Prince, ſome a Prince
We build upon your piety

Vntill ſome little time may eell^e ſome little time
Out of this ſilence, ſome a Prince and ſome a Prince

King. You understand me Madam, ſome a Prince and ſome a Prince
Simp. And am honord.

Duke. Her eyes beget new wonder, ſome a Prince and ſome a Prince
King. Come, now to hote, ſome a Prince and ſome a Prince

Duke. I ſhall attend your entertainment has^e ſome a Prince and ſome a Prince
Oblig'd us Madam.

Simp. Twas not ſuch a guest^e ſome a Prince and ſome a Prince
But prayers and duty will ſupply^e ſome a Prince and ſome a Prince

King. Now Madam you are a great part of my care, ſome a Prince and ſome a Prince
Depend upon me for a husband.

The Royall Maffter.

Dame. If not plainson his bane
Duke. Madam another grefs to stoke his bane.

That here would chalfe his spalme, and rid him with
Dame. You arcagions, and but a courte to honour
Mow. He crepque quidkithy Alice Javelle.

Them flame, add to it that dounnes upproches brewe
Spes componnes, and to the stresse, pre leue
Mow. Nowe glasse Alceas wpon these straunge, pre leue
Spes componnes, and to the stresse, pre leue

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Spes componnes, and to the stresse, pre leue

The Royal Master.

Duke. He knowes not, & I have bound my selfe in honour,
Not to betray, if they be decreed
To make a marriage, a soft destiny.
Attend their loves.

Rivi. There is some mystery,
But will you rest and take for granted fesse,
Does love Montalo, if it be a truth
Y'are in the same condition when fesse.
Confirme it.

Duke. Tis not good to be busie
In search of these unwelcome certainties,
There's hope while things are clouded in suspition.

Rivi. But so your jealousie may wound her honour,
Which you may cure by knowledge.

Duke. I will thinke on it,
Meane time let this dwell in that honest silence,
You have possest, there is another secret
May follow.

Rivi. You must challenge my whole bosome,
And I am confident your highnesse will
Stere all your resolutions by honour,
Which in a Prince is sacred.

Enter Servants.

Ser. Sir, the Lord
Montalo is comming up.

Duke. Then try your art upon him,
And informe your selfe, I'll take
My time to appeare.

Enter Montalo.

Rivi. I obey
My honour'd Lord.

Mon. Most noble Philkerto,
Where is the Duke?

Rivi. If you'll but excuse a few minuts.

Mont. Tis
My duty to attend.

Rivi. How is it with the Princessse my good Lord?

Mon. The Prince se fesse is in health, why this to me.

The Royal Master.
Monteagle van Brabant 1518. In the word of H. VIII
He is of inward counsell with the Duke.
I must be resolute.

Rivi. I aske, because His grace intends a present visit to her.
And was but now in mention of your Lordship
To bear him company.

Mont. I like not that. He knowes he may command my services.

Rivi. He will deserve your love, pray my Lord tell me,
And let us be plaine breasted, you injoy
The King, as I but with leesse stocke of merit,
The favour of his excellency, how affect you
The present state of things, wilt be amatch?
There is lou'd expectation in the world,
And after all, my Master's fond to have it
Proceede, to thicke, I am of opinion
Theres no retreating now without dishonour,
Yet as I am *Philiberte* I much pirtie
He should through any wound to your affection
Perfect his love.

Mont. He has told you then the secret,
And not to waste more language, I tolles,
From what you have exprest, he does resolve
To destroy me, *Montalto* must be trod on.

Rivi. Not so my Lord.
Mont. Yes, and my heart the alesse,
To his Hymencall-altar, which must be
Made crimson with the blood of a true lover,
His will be obey'd, *Theodosia* shall see
To advance her, *Montalto* will goe smiling
To his sacrifice, and after many prayers,
That shee may live the darling of his heart,
Ile change my acquaintance of this world to be
At peace in my owne asies.

Rivi. You will not
Commit a violence upon your selfe.
Mont. I haue not neede, the thoughts of her will kill me
With as much silence as I goe to sleepe,

The Ryal Maisterie

I onely shall bleed inward, and my life I shall wold. *Enter Duke*
Remove it selfe like a faire apparition / And thou vermeall hard
That vanishes to th'eye, and with lesse noise *Enter Duke*
Then a calme Summers evening, but when I should bleed again
Am dead, tis not impossible, some may *Enter Duke*
Report Theodosia was but ravish'd from me; *Enter Duke*
Feare of a brothers anger, and the tricke *Enter Duke*
Of politike states, that marry to knit power *Enter Duke*
Not hearts, did force her to *Enter Duke* Hermes armes, but hee chalid me
Whilst I, torn from the branch where I once grew, did moyle
Travell I know not whether in the aere. *Enter Duke*

Rivi. I begin
To thinke him worth some pitty. *Enter Duke*
Mont. Into what
Vaine thing would the severe apprehension
Of greefe transforme us? coward, let the Duke
Move with all humorous haste to his delight,
And glory in the hope of his faire bride,
Mine by the gift of heaven and heares, but all
My flowers grow dully on their stalkes, and wither
Let her gay Paganimphs with rosie Chaplets,
Which will take all their colour from her blush,
Attend on Theodosia to the Temple,
While as they goe, no rude wende shall be heard,
But so much breath of heaven as gently may
Lifting their loose haire up, whisper my wrong
To every Virgin's care, let them be married,
Knit hands, and plight a ceremonious faith,
Let all the triumphs waste, let them be wasted,
And night it selfe bridd with a cheare and formes
Of mirth and Revells, till the night grow faint,
And pale with watching,
Invite to bed, yet there he shall enjoy vige and bane,
But Theodosia body, and sonshines, *Enter Duke*
As his faire thoughts expect, perhaps the conquest
Of one whom he loved better. *Enter Duke*

Rivi. How was that. *Enter Duke*

F

Duke.

The Bayell Master.

Duke. Now shall I trust him? if my sense mistake not
Theodosia may not be a Virgin.

Rivo. Twas
His bold conclusion, and in judgement he did me no wrong.

Duke. Where is now the honest
You talke of, durst *Montalo* charge her with
This staine, without his conscience to assure it.

Rivo. Yes, and to me this tenders him the more:
To be suspected, and I am so farre
From thinking shee affects *Montalo*, that
I am convinc'd he loves her not; can he
Have any noble thought of *Theodosia*,
That dares traduce her honour, thinke o' that,
And can revenge in any lover be?
A reason to wound a Ladies fame, it easie
Of ranke injustice, and some other end
Time will discover, and yet your grace is bound
To have his accusation confirmed,
Or hant this spotted panther to his ruine,
Whole breath it onely sweete to poison vertues.

Duke. What I resolue inquire not, *Enter Duke*.

Rivo. I see thow
Montalo's soule, and have beene so long tame
In my owne sufferings, that this will shake
Him ripe for punishment, *Andragio* and to dred him of all
My sonne.

Enter Andragio, Ottavio.
Ottav. I cannot wish the wings of durry
Fly swift enough to prostrate my obedience
And welcome from a long supposed death,
My honour'd father. *Two or three pallid doves* have dropt to

Rivo. Then I must appearre so.

Andr. And let me give a somme tip to your blessing
Worthy your best prayers, and embrase it was time
To bring you acquainted, *Andragio* this night
Contriv'd *Montalo's* tragedie at a Banquety
For your revenge his active thoughts I could not
Counsell no longer patience.

Rivo.

The Royall Master.

Rivi. Thou hast but
Prevented me *O Ottav.* I was
Weary of my concealement.

Ottav. But my joyes are wilde,
And will I feare, transport me.

Rivi. My best friend,
And my owne spirited boy, feare not *Montaico*,
Hee's now upon a precipice, his fate
Stoopes with the glorious burden of his pride.
Things may be worth our counsell, we shall see
This prodigie that would be held a Starre,
And did so fright us with his streaming haire,
Drop like a Comet, and be lost i'th aite. *Montaico.*

Mont. Is't possible the day should be so old,
And not a visite from the Duke.

Theo. While he
Injoyes health, I shall easily forgive
A little ceremony.

Mont. And a lover,
Your grace must chide him, other men may have
Excuse for their neglect of time, but he
That loves deserves no pardon.

Theod. Judge with charity
My Lord, the case may be your owne, you would
Thinke her a cruell mistresse, that shoud doom me
Your life to exile, for not payment of
One ceremonious visite.

Mont. Not where such
Perfection were to ingage my service *Madam*,
Pardon the bold comparison, death were not
Enough to punish that rude thought that could
Start from your bright Idea, or convert
With praters that did not first concern me, *your excellency*,
I would not be ambitious of a blessing,
But from reflex of yours.

Theo. You would expesse
A most officious service to this *Lady*.

The Royall Master.

Were honour'd in your thought but the Duke of Florence.
And I shall make no such severe conditions.

Mons. If he doe love you Madam that will teach him
Above what ceremony prescribes to honour you.

Theo. If he doe love.

Mons. Your graces pardon I
Speake from an honest freedome taken from
The assurance of your goodnesse, that know better
How to distinguish truth, I am not judge
Of his breast Madam.

Theo. I suppose you are not.

Mons. And yet being a man another way
Conclude his passions are but such as have
Beene read in humane nature.

Theo. What infirme you
From hence my Lord?

Mons. Nothing but that a Prince
May be no Saint in love.

Theo. Howe's that?

Mons. Twas in my feare I should displeas.

Theo. You will.

Mons. Not for the Empire of the world, I may
Repent I live with your suspicion
Vpon my humbl'd soule.

Theo. Pray Sir be free
Touching the Duke, I must know all what is fit
Makes him no Saint.

Mons. Madam he is not dead,
And in his life I see no miracles.

Theo. You talk d'of love.

Mons. No miracles of love, no miraclem blod
He loves as other men that have profited
Devotion to a mistresse — but

Theo. What? Speake
I charge thee by the memory of what
Thou dost affect most.

Mons. Though it wound my life
Be arm'd and heare it, how I blush within me.

The Royall Master.

To tell your highnesse Florence has transfigured
His heart, and all his active thoughts are plac'd.

Theo. On whom? What is this? I am not worthy to be shew'd.

Mont. On Domitilla. What is this? I am not worthy to be shew'd.

Theo. Ha. What is this? I am not worthy to be shew'd.

Mont. I did observe 'em Madam, at her mothers house,
Where we were lately feasted after hunting,
How strangely he was taken, how his eyes
Did wanton with her face, and on her haire
Tie many golden knots, to keepe love chalnde,
But these are but suspitions, he since
Confest to me in hope to winne me to
Negociate his affaire, how at first sight
He tooke in desperate flames, and that shee rules
The intelligence of his soule, I heare the King
Hath sent for her to Court, which must give Madam
A dangerous opportunity to achiue
His ends with your dishonour, I was unwilling
To speake this knowledge of his hasty change,
But all my bonds of piety and faith
Would have beene forfeited, long silenced.

Theo. Shall I be thus affronted.

Mont. We see Princes.

Whom we call gods on earth, in the affairs of this world
Of love turne men agen.

Theo. For Domitilla.

Mont. That's the dishonour Madam, and infects
My braine to thinke on't, and as much beneath
Your grace in all the ornaments of fonde
And person as shee is in bloud, if my What is this? I am not worthy to be shew'd.
Impartiall thoughts may take so bold commision
To judge betweene your beauties,

Theo. Is it possible.

Mont. Tis too certaine Madam, I shoule be
A villaine to accuse the Duke unjustly,
Or bring but shaddowes of a truth, for thought
He be unworthy of your love, that dares
Thus yalew your perfections, below

The 20. yll. after.

That Phantom ~~of~~ ~~Dominilla~~, let not passion
Make you to rash in managing a trap,
On which depends your fame, compared to which
Ten thousand lives added to mine were nothing.

Theo. We Study thinkers Sir. *Mons. exulto bib I. Anno K. 1592. 1614.*

Mons. You pay me with a blessing, if my name

But live within your memory. *Exulto bib I. Anno K. 1592. 1614.*

Theo. This troubles me.

Enter King and Guido.

King. Are they both come to town *Exulto bib I. Anno K. 1592. 1614.*

Guid. And in those lodgings were peep't'd, em of feluo?

King. Tis well, and came they cheetfully?

Guid. Yes Sir, but something

In high discourse liked me stibie, and by startal to hanguland self

In ~~Dominilla~~ they are pleitair with their

Remove, and waite all your commands.

King. So leave his; *Exulto bib I. Anno K. 1592. 1614.*

Theodosia, what's the matter? art not well with this last?

Theo. Where's the Duke?

King. I thought to fluge met him here, *Exulto bib I. Anno K. 1592. 1614.*

Theod. Is ~~Dominilla~~ come to ~~Concordia~~ self I had?

King. She is

By my command to waite on the

Theo. To riviall me.

King. Howes that?

I meant her a wife for good ~~Mons. exulto bib I. Anno K. 1592. 1614.~~

As the reward of his just services, *Exulto bib I. Anno K. 1592. 1614.*

He knowes it not, as ~~the~~ is ignorant *Exulto bib I. Anno K. 1592. 1614.*

For whom I have prepar'd her, Rivall! strange as nothing but

I must know ~~some~~ of this, *Exulto bib I. Anno K. 1592. 1614.*

Too apprehensive, for although ~~in~~ *Exulto bib I. Anno K. 1592. 1614.*

Sulption to men a torment be,

There is no Fiend to waite on *Exulto bib I. Anno K. 1592. 1614.*

Dom. exulto bib I. Anno K. 1592. 1614.

Dom. You may doe what you will *Exulto bib I. Anno K. 1592. 1614.*

Into fine clothes and make an offe of me, *Exulto bib I. Anno K. 1592. 1614.*

But should you wrap me in a Layon skinne,

Dom.

The Royall Maister.

Dom. You have eares that will betray what beest you are.

Dom. Pray Madam tell me in six words of sence,

What shall I doe here, Ie not see the King,

Though he have cunningly devis'd this tricke

Onely to bring me hither and betray me

To offices, make me at least an Idol.

Dom. What's that?

Bom. An Idol in the Countrey I have read

A thing we call a worshipfull, a right worshipfull,

Descended from the houle of the fac tomons,

Lord of the soile, and Cocke of his owne dunghill.

Dom. You may be out of feare, you cannot readie now,

Nor set your name to a warrant.

Bom. Alls that nothing, Ignorance every day comes into fashion,

And no meane statesmen now when they doe write,

Their names, doe for their honours so condire it,

You can hardly know a nobleman from a knave.

Dom. If you be an enemy to all preferment,

Your best way is to leave the world and sunnes,

A lay Fryer.

Bom. No I finde no such thing in my constitution,

Every man is not bound to be Religious, Men of my bolke and bearing should not fast so,

I am not given by nature to drinke water,

Or lye without a shirr, I have cornes Madam,

And I would make lessie conscience to undoe

My Shoemaker, then walke on wodden Pantables,

I will indure to serve you still and dwell here,

So you conceale me from the King, tie not

That I doe owe his Majestie ill will,

I could indure him too upon condition

He would make nothing on me,

Dom. Why he shall,

Make nothing on thee take my word, or Ie evad i dallywiff

Thou hast a minde sic pray him make thee lessie

Bom. No, I would be a smidling Christian,

But what will you doe here your selfe, you'll be in

Dom,

The Royall Mayden

394. Wit wherfor I thinke.

Bom. And cast away your selfe
Vpon some pageant, one whose wit must be
Beholding to anothers Wooll to keep it warme;
One that can dance and sing and wag his feather;
An artificiall Calfe carrier,
A yong that's sowed together by his Taylour,
And taken a peeces by his Surgeon.

Dom. Why how now Secretary.

Bom. I could say more.

Dom. Is this wit naturally?

Bom. You were best say,

I got it here at Court, pray heaven I do not
Loose what I brought, I had a holosome wit
I' th Countrey, ask the Parish and the Parson
For I kept company with those that reade
And learene wit now by the eare, if any slip from me,
As where there is a pleney some will out,
Here are so many wit catchers, a lass maidenhead
Is sooner found and set upon the sholders.

Of the right owner.

Dom. I preesse tell me, And tell me truth, doe not you thinke your selfe
After all this a foole?

Bom. A foole, your Servante Madam.

Dom. He speaketh true, this be the King's foole.

Bom. I thanke you,

I tell you Ile not see the King, or if I did, Yes I looke like a foole I could be angry,
But then you'd say I were a foole indeed.

Dom. Be not so passionat,

Bom. Wod I had beene a foole, I would I had, for my owne sake, with it, I should not have beene tempted hither then, By which I have indangored my good parts, To State imployments, to be wile enough, He has not scene me yet nor thinke it, There be a witch in myre, or wile,

That

The Royall Master.

That will be bought for money to walk the Court in,
But take your course, and I were at home agen.

Dom. What then?

Bom. I would live in the Sellar, the Wine Sellar.

Dom. Tis your humility.

Bom. There were some fortification to be made

Against the Court invasions, countermynes
Of sand and Sacke, a man might thrust himselfe
Among the bottles, and defie the world,
Be drunke, and not be cal'd out of his sleepe
To goe Embassador.

Enter Simphorosa.

Dom. So, so, feare not,
Have a strong faith, and thou maist dye i' th country,
For all this, here's my mother, let your care
Be now that none may interrupt us.

Bom. I will doe any thing but see the King.

Dom. With pardon Madam you seeme full of thought.

Sim. I am studying Domilla why the King
Should send for us to Court.

Dom. Mother you cannot
Mention the King in any act of his
That is not glorious and like himselfe;
He is the great example of a King,
But richer in his soule then state.

Sim. But why
To us this favour, to call us from those
Cold and obscure shades of a retirement
To plant us here neare his owne beames?

Dom. He has some meaning in't.

Sim. It tis yet darke to me.

Dom. We shal not staine his Court, his sister's bier
A Lady of more distinction of birth,
Yet all that have beene Princes, came not to
Their state by a descent, the Heralds know
Some were not borne to birth, and to ~~success~~
That have beene Queens, Vertue has raised some
And beauty has had many charmes to rule

The Royall Master.

The heart of Kings.

Simp. What's all this *Dominicke*?
I hope you are not dreaming of a Queen,
Such wilde interpretation of the Kings
Favour to us cannot be made without
The forfeits of wits and duxies which
Should reach us to containe our thoughts in their
Owne Spheare, and not so point them upon objects
Above our Levell.

Dom. I Betray my selfe,
When I sayd beauty had a power to charme
A King, it might acquit me from suspition
Of any hope to apply them so ambitiously,
Youle grant it just to love the King.

Simp. Our duties.
Dom. And he may where he please plact his affection.

Simp. Leave that to her, it may concerne.
Dom. And shee
That's mark'd for so great honour should be mad
To quarrell with her kinde fate.

Simp. What's all this
To thee?

Dom. To me; why mother ill not possible,
A Lady not much fairer then my selfe,
May be a Queen, great Princes have eyes
Like other men, and I should sinne against
What heaven and nature have bestowed on me,
Should my fate smile to thinke my face would be
The bari'e to such preffement.

Simp. Leaving this
Which is but mirth, I know since we are fine
Into discourse of love, what would you answere
To Lord *Muntatio* if he came wooing
And recommended by the King?

Dom. I would
Ecne recommend him to the King, soe.

Simp. Is not his ² *lavache* worth your love, if he
Desend to be your servant.

The Royall Master.

Dom. As a servant
He may be entertain'd, and were I Queen,
Perhaps he should be favorite to both peoples selfe, and I
And I would smile upon his services
In imitation of the King while he
Preserv'd his modest duty and his distance:

Sim. My daughter is transported, sure you are
No Queen sweet *Domitilla*.

Dom. Tis a truth, Nor is *Montalto* yet my favorite.

Sim. I hope shee's not so miserable to affect
The King by whose directions I prepare
Her for *Montalto*.

Enter Bomba.

Bom. A sprig of the Nobility cal'd *Ottavio*
Desires accessse.

Dom. Admit him.

Sim. I will let this passion cool and leave her.

Enter Ottavio.

Ottav. Welcome to Court, why so, this sphere becomes you
Or rather it takes ornament from you; Now *Domitilla* shines indeede, your pretence
Doth throw new beames about the Palace Madam,
Before we look'd as we had lost our *genius*.

Dom. You came not from the King with any message.

Ottav. I made this hast to tender my owne service.

Dom. You have no other suite to me?

Ottav. Yes Madam.

Dom. Speake it.

Ottav. And lie not wander much about, shall I

Be admitted a young lover?

Dom. Men must not love till they be one & twenty.

They will be mad before they come to age else.

Ottav. This Law was ne're decreed i'th Parliament.

Of *Cupid*, such a Statute would undoe

Many sweet Virgins like your selfe, yet if

You'll promise to stay for me, I shall think he

A happy expectation, we are both

The Royall Master.

Young, we may choose each other Valentine,
And couple, as we grow more ripe hereafter.

Dom. Ile aske you but one question my Lord,
What would you give to be the King of Naples now?

Ottav. I dare not thinke so ambitiously.

Dom. Tis modest; what if I cannot love under a Prince?

Ottav. Can he be lesse, whom you will make happy,
To boast in the possession of your fairest
Person, a thousand provinces, those eyes
Are able to create another Indies,
All the delights that dwell in blessed Temples,
Divinely bud and blossome in your cheeke,
The treasure of Arabie's in your breath,
Nor Thebes alone, as to Amphyons Lute
Stoopes to the heavenly magick of your voyce,
But all the world.

Dom. No more of this these praises
Are made for children, and will make truth blushe,
They may fill up where nature is defective,
And were I Queene of Naples I should punish,
Such flattery, but you are young and may
Outgrow this vanity.

Ottav. You are mercifull.

Dom. I shall be ever so to you Ottavio,
Leaphis to encourage you to thinke I love you
In the first place, of whose which are borne subjects,
If you will answer my respects forbear
To question further.

Ottav. I shall waite sometime, and kisse your hand.

Dom. And if my power may
Prevaile to doe you favour with the King,
Make your address.

Ottav. Has not the court transform'd her.

Dom. Me thinkes I move upon a state already
And yet tis not the glory of his title
Affects my hope so much, his person's lovely,
And both together make the charme, I doe
Expect his royall presence, how shall I

Behaye

The Royal Master.

Behave my looks when he declares himselfe;

Enter Iacomo.

Iaca. Madam.

Dom. Admit not every Lord to trouble me,
I will take physicke, but he be observ'd,
You may frame some excuse to Ladies too.
That presse their visit.

Iaca. Tis the Duke.

Dom. The Duke.

Iaca. Of Florence.

Dom. Princes must not be neglected,
That name gives him accessse, say I attend.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The acknowledgments I owe your favours Madam,
Late your rude guest brings me to kis your hand.

Dom. Your excellency is pleas'd to interpret fairely
Of our intents.

Duke. And till occasion ripen
My whole discharge for your faire entertainment;
Madam, be pleas'd to weare these Diamonds,
Which of themselves betray their want of lustre,
And come with an ambition to recover
Flame from your smile.

Dom. It can be no dishonour
To take these from a Prince.

Enter Iacomo, whispers to Domitilla.

The King with wings,
He haste to meet him... *Exit.*

Duke. Gone, and so abruptly
Her busynesse might allow her breath to thanke me
For my rich present, but he follow her,
I wo'd not meet the King here, if shee prove
Gentle, my heart I consecrate to love. *Exit.*

The fourth. Act.

Enter King, and Domitilla.

King. My pretty Domitilla, now you are
My guest, tis fit whom I have made my charge

The English Master.

Should live within my eyes, welcome once more to Court.

Dow. You are bountie Sir it selfe, and binde

A Virgins prayers.

King. What art thou yet prepar'd
To heare his name, I would declare thy husband.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The King.

King. The Duke, this confirmes it.

Duke. Unlucky fate he has spied me.

King. Thou shalt have

A little patience, while the Duke and I
Change some discourse in private.

Dow. I Obey.

Duke. He is sent off, I hope the King is not
In love with her himselfe.

King. Now my Lord, what
Alone, I see you can addresse your selfe
To a handsome Lady.

Duke. He has prevented me,
Where I receive favour I shall never
Want heart to acknowledge.

King. That rule binds to all.

Duke. It does but with distinction to pay.

King. But with distinction to pay,
First love to those that best deserves it from us.

Duke. Tis justice Sir.

King. This granted, there's another
Whom though you can forget, my sister Sir
Deserves to be remembred.

A Duke. You are jealous
That I visite this Lady.

King. That were only
To doubt, I must be plaine, Florence has not
Beene kind to Naples to reward us with
Affront for love, and Theodofie must not
Be any Princes mockery.

Duke. I can
Take boldnesse too, and tell you Sir it were

Mo.

The Royall Masters

More for her honour, shee would mock no Prince,
I am not lost to *Florence* yet, though I
Be *Naples* guest, and I must tell him here
I came to meet with faire and Princely treaties
Of love, not to be made the tale of *Italy*,
The ground of *Scurrile* pasquills, or the mirth
Of any Lady, who shall preingage

Her heart to anothers holome, and then sneake
Off like a tame despised property,
When her ends are advanc'd.

King. I understand not
This passion, yet it pointes upon something
That may be dangerous to conclude, *I brodofis*
Is *Naples* sister, and I must not see
Her lost to honour, though my kingdome bleed
To rescue her.

Duke. Now you are passionate,
Tis I must be repair'd, my name is wounded,
And my affection betrayed, your sister
That lookes like a fai'e starne, within loves skin,
Is falne, and by the scattering of her fires,
Declares shee has alliance with the earth,
Not heavenly nature.

King. Are my senses perfect,
Be clearer Sir, teach me to understand
This prodigie, you doe not scorne our sister?

Duke. Not I, as she has title to your blood,
Shee merits all ambition, shee is a Princesse,
Yet no staine to her invention, we are paracells,
Equall, but never made to seeen.

King. How's this for i? you have to too blew I

Duke. Truth is my witnessse, I did meano
No ceremonious love, untill I found
Her heart was given from me, through your power
Contract our bodies.

King. Stay and be advis'd,
And if your doubts by some malitious tongue
Framed to abuse my sister, and your selfe,

Have

The Royal Master.

Have rais'd this muteny in your thoughts; I have
A power to cure all.

Duke. Sir you cannot.

King. Not to count thee for her husband, werest possell
Of all, ore which our Eagle shakes his wings,
But to set right her honour, and ere I challenge
Thee by thy birth, by all thy hopes and right
To fame, to tell me what feditious breath
Has poyson'd her; heare what thy sister sends
By me so late, time is not old in minuts,
The word's yet warme with her owne breath, pray tell
The Duke saies she, although I know not from
What roote his discontents grow, to devote him
To *Domitilla*.

Duke. How does shee know that?

King. Whose beauty has more spell upon his fancy,
I did contract my heart, when I thought his
Had bee ne no stronger to his tongue, and can
Not finde withinis since, what shoulde divert
His princely thoughts from my first innocence,
Yet such is my sterne fate I must still love him,
And though he frame his heart to unkinde distance,
It hath embracing vertue upon mine,
And with his owne remove, drawes my soule after him,
If he forget I am a Princesse, pray
Let *Naples* doe so too, for my revenge
Shall be in prayers, that he may finde my wrong,
But teach him soft repentence, and more faith.

Duke. All this must not betray my freedome Sir.

King. Youle not accuse our fitter of dishonour.

Duke. I would not grieve you Sir to heare what I
Could say, and preesse me not for your owne peace,
Fames must be gently toucht.

King. As thou art *Floraces* speake.

Duke. I Shall displease,
Yet I but tell her brother that doth preesse me;
Lucrece was chaste after the rape, but where
The blood contents, there needs no ravisher.

Exe.

King.

The Royall Master.

King. I doe grow faint with wonder: here's enough
To blast an apprehension, and shooe
A quaking through the valiant soule of man,
My sisters blood accus'd, and her faire name
Late chaste as trembling snow, whose fleeces clothe
Our Alpine hills, sweet as the Roses spirit
Or Violets cheeke, on which the morning leaves
A teare at parting, now begins to wither,
As it would haste to death, and be forgotten;
This *Florence* is a Prince that does accuse her,
And such men give not faith to every murmur
Or slight intelligence that wounds a Lady
In her deare honour, but shee is my sister,
Thinke of that too, credit not all, but aske
Of thy owne veines what guilty flowings there
May tempt thee to beleeve this accusation,

Enter Theodosia.

Tis shee;

Th'art come Theodosia to my wishes.

Theo. What does distract you Sir.

King. I have done your message to the Duke, and finde
He does love *Domitilla*.

Theo. Her he shall meeete and marry in *Elisium*.

King. What sneane you?

Theo. I have shooke off my tamenesse, doe not hinder
My just revenge, Ile turne their triumphs into deaht.

King. There is a question of more consequence
Thou must resolve, it does concerne thee more
Then thy owne life.

Theo. You fright me.

King. Are you honest?

Theo. Honest.

King. I could have us'd the name of chaste,
Or virgin, but they carry the same fense;
Put off thy wonder *Theodosia*,
And answer me by both our parents ailes,
Which now are frighted in the urne, and scarce
Contain'd beneath their marble, while their fame

H

Bleeds

The Royall Master.

Bleeds in my wounded honour? art thou still
My sister without stale, upon thy chastyty
Tell me and answer trath, for both our lives
Nay, nay, there is no time for thy amaze,
Hast thou not lost thy selfe and beene injoyed,
I blush to name the way.

Theo. Never.

King. Agen.

Theo. By all the good we hope for I am innocent
As your owne wills.

King. Th'art my vertuous sister.

Theo. But by your love and all that bound to
Be just, now let me know my strange accuser.

King. Thou shalt know that hereafter, let thy thoughts
Live in their owne peace, and dispute not mine. *Exe.*

Enter Domitilla.

Dom. Not speake to me, he found, too sure I have not
Displeasd him, wherefore stayes the Princesse?

Theo. Shew spirit now or never. *Domitilla*
The greatest part of my affliction,
Let my revenge begin here.

Dom. Your grace does honour your unworthy servants,
And if I might beseeche one favour more,
Tis but to know what has displeas'd the King.

Theo. Must you be of counsell with his passions,
What hath advanc'd you to this boldnesse?

Dom. Pardon,
Why does your grace put on thole angry looks,
I never did offend you in a thought.

Theo. Cunning dissembler, yes and tis thy death
Must satisfie, yet ere I give thee punishment
Tell me what impudence advanc'd thy thoughts
So high in our dishonour? was there none.
In your owne forme of blood fit for your love,
But you must flatter your proud hopes with one
So much above thy birth? though he in frailty
Content to make thee great, dar'st thou accept it,
And with my shame xipps to be his equall,

Disclaimē.

The Royall Master.

Disclaime these hopes, and swaue never to love him?

Dom. Madam.

Theo. Doe, or with this I will securse my feares;

And stand the malice of all other fate.

Dom. Hearre me.

Theo. Be briefe.

Dom. I know not by what genius prompted Madam,

To live or die, more happily, I have no

Feare of your rage, which is so farre from making

Me sinne against my love, it has inlarg'd

My heart, which trembles not to be loves marty;

I can forgive your hand too, if you promise

To tell the King how willing I die for him.

Theo. The King, thou loyst the Duke.

Dom. Hee's not concern'd

In my affection, I have no thought

Of any Prince alive, but your owne brother,

Such an example of loves folly have

My starres decreed me, yet if pride and duty

May in one action meete and be good friends,

Both shall assist my last breath which shall offer

Humbly the King, and his affaires to heaven

This he will pardon, shall he know it done

By me more fit to die then live for him.

Theo. Alas poore *Domestilla*, shee is wounded

As deepe as I, rise and forgive my jealousie,

I cannot promisse thee to be my sister,

But I will love thee like one, let us call

A counsell of our thoughts, and mingle sorowes;

Yet when we have done all, and tyrd our breath,

There is no cure for love, but love or death.

Exeunt.

Enter King and Montalo.

King. How will Montalo counsell me, I am

Wilde with the repetirion.

Mont. The Duke

Lay such a blanke asperion on your sister,

Tis blasphemey to honour, but as soone

He may pollute the Sunne beames, or defilc

The Regall Master.

The dew of heaven ere it approach the earth
Make us beleve the rockes of ice doe flame,
And may indanger the north starre, my wonder
Will make me reasonlesse, it throwes a poyson
On your whole family, a staine so deepe
And so prodigious ; all the blood within
His Dukedom wo'nt purge it, could he finde
No excuse for his revolt to *Domitilla*,
But blasting the sweet Princesse.

King. Domitilla.
Whom I must tell you I already have
Prepar'd to be thy bride, as an addition
To the reward I owe thy services,

Mons. Mont. Prepare for me? you are too bountifull
In you I kneele both to my king and father,
But my aspiring will be satisfied
To be your servant still, in your grace I
Injoy the brinde my heart affects, let me
Grow old with duties here, and not translate
My affection till my weary soule throw off
The burden of my dust.

King. No more in this
One act, Ile build a monument of my love
To thee, and my revenge upon the Duke,
Thou instantly shalt marry *Domitilla* ;
Her Beauty, Blood and Fortune will deserve thee.

Mons. Mont. I am your creature, but how this may inflame
The Duke.

King. Tis meant so.

Mons. Mont. But your sisters fame
Were worth your first care, this may be done
With more accessse of joy when shes is righted :
You have beeene pleased to heare my counsell Sir,
And not repented.

King. What wouldst thou advise me ?

Mons. Mont. The Duke is young and apt to erre, you cannot
Preserve your hospitable Lawes to affront
Him openly, nor will it be thought prudence.

The Royall Master.

To let loose these suspitions to the descant
Of peoples tongues, thaire is dangerous,
Let me search the Dukes bosome, for the spring
Of this dishonour.

King. How?

Mont. Mistake me not, *Philoberto* has alwayes beene
Philoberto is his secret counsellour,
And the receiver of his thoughts, leave me.
To manage this great worke, I have a way
To every angle of his heart, meane time
Be pleas'd to keepe your person but retired,
A silent discontent will fright him more,
And arme us with full knowledge.

King. Wise *Montalto*,
I like thy honest counsell, and obey ic,
But lose no time.

Mont. It never was more pretious,
My essence is concern'd, and every minute
Brings a fresh feigne against *Montalto*'s life,
There's none but *Philoberto* coniicious
To my last accusation of the Princessse,
Then hee must be remov'd, delayes are fatall,
Hee poyson him to night, I have the way,
This done, the Duke may follow, or be brib'd
With *Domitilla*'s perlon to quit Naples.

Enter Guido, Aloisio, Alexio.

Guid. My honour'd Lord.

Mont. Guido, Aloisio,
Why make I this distinction, y are but one,
To your *Montalto*, have one heart and fath,
Your love and diligence must now be active.

Guid. You have deserv'd us.

Alex. Lord of our fortunes.

Guid. Wee are your creatures,
Bound by all Law and conscience of the course
To serve your ends.

Mont. Tis but to waite close
And contrive excuses, if the Duke

THE ROYAL BRIDES

Desire access to the King.

Qui. This all,

Mont. Be carefull

None of his traine nor faction be admitted,

In speciall *Philoberto*, if he appeare,

Present my service, and desire to speake with him,

This is no mighty Province gentleman,

To waste you anuch, yet this neglected wif

Destroy my tall fate, *Mr. Whole* fall you must,

Stoope and be stricken dead with the large ruines.

Qui. Kill us not first by your suspition,

We looke upon you as our destiny,

Prosper as we are faithfull.

Mont. You divide me.

Alex. There is much trouble in his face, how etc

Let us be fisme, is not this *Philoberto*.

Enter Rivaldo.

Rivi. My honor'd Lords,

Qui. We are proud to be your servants,

I am yours, where is the Lord *Montalto*,

Alo. New gone from us, and desires to speake with you,

And is gone either to your lodgings or the Dukes.

Rivi. I have some affaires with the King, and that

Dispatch'd Ile waite upon him.

Qui. We are confident

You will excuse us, we receiv'd command

That none should interrupt him.

Rivi. I come from the Duke.

Alo. His excellency will confer it our duties.

Rivi. This was not wond

Alex. We dare not dispute

Our masters pleasure.

Qui. Perhaps his confessor is with him.

Rivi. Perha ps there is soone cunning, nay preferre

The businesse of the Duke, I may prefume

He has no long Catalogue to account for.

Qui. You have not beeene of counsell wth his conscience,

We doe not use to limit his devotions.

Enter G

Rivi.

Act the Eighth.

Rivi. Tis pions, and you three by computation
Montaloes knaves here plac'd, to keepe away
Discoveries in spight of all your subtilties, how will he
The king shall know my minde, and understand
The history of your patrons and your service,
Let time speake your reward in your owne chronicles.

Alo. You not forget my Lord, who has paid for well
Desire to speake with him.

Rivi. Tis all my businesse,
Be carefull of your watch and looke about you,
Some Weesell may get in else.

Gni. Does he jeere us ?
Alex. Let him, his Embassy is not performid.

Enter Duke, Montalio, & others.

Mont. You doe amaze my understanding Sir, why
To require I should justify a tale, when it is
Made to the blemish of so chalte a Lady.

Duke. Did not your Lordship tell such a story
To Philoberto in my lodgings.

Mont. I dare his malice to affirme, and tis not
Done like your selfe to fully with one breath, though he be
Two famess.

Duke. Shall I not credit my owne eares ?

Mont. Deare Sir, collect your selfe, and let not passion
To Domitilla whom you may possesse, hereafter make you to unjustly grieve, but tis well

Duke. Deare Machiavill, this will not doe, the King shall know your stratagems.

Mont. Goe threaten babes, this would exalt my rage,
But I remember ylare a guest to Naples, and the Duke
Nor would I grieve the gossips of my country,
To place my owne revenge above her honour.

Duke. Poore shadow.

Mont. Now, draw a dagger at the Duke's backe,
Twill not be safe, you know your charge.

Gni. We are proud to see your excellency in health.

Duke. Where is the King ?

Alo. A fiftie buse Sir, is he not in Bellona ?

Alex.

THE ROYAL MYSERY

Desire access to the King.

Qui. This all,

Mont. Be carefull

None of his traine nor faction be admitted,

In speciall *Philoberto*, if he appeare,

Present my service, and desire to speake with him;

This is no mighty Province gentleman

To waste you much, yet this neglected will

Destroy my tall fate, *if* whose fall you must

Stoope and be stricken dead with the large ruines.

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We louke upon you as our deitomy,

Prosper as we are faithfull.

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Alex. There is much trouble in his face, how ere

Let us be firme, is not this *Philoberto*.

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I am yours, where is the Lord *Montafre*,

Alo. New gone from us, and desires to speake with you,

And is gone either to your lodging or the Dukes.

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Dispatch'd Ile waite upon him.

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You will excuse us, we receiv'd command

That none should interrupt him.

Rivi. I come from the Duke.

Alo. His excellency will conserf it our duties.

Riv. This was neuer worse.

Alex. We dare not the dispute

Our masters pleasure.

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The busynesse of the Duke, I may prelume

He has no long Catalogue to account for.

Qui. You have not beene of counself with his confessor,

We doe not use to limit his devotions.

Enter

Rivi.

The Merchant of Venice.

Rivi. Tis pious, and you three by computation
Montaloes knayes here plac'd, to keepe away
Discoveries in spight of all your subtilties,
The king shall know my minde, and understand
The history of your patrons and your service,
Let time speak your reward in your owne chronicles.

Alo. You not forget my Lord Montaloe has a mind of well
Desire to speake with him.

Rivi. Tis all my busynesse,
Be carefull of your watch and looke about you,
Some Weefell may get in else.

Gnid. Does he jeere us?

Alex. Let him, his Embassie is not performid.

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Mont. You doe amaze my understanding Sir. W. John
To require I shold justify a tale nowe that ame scolded
Made to the blemish of so chalte a Lady.

Duke. Did not your Lordshiptellis historie
To Philoberto in my lodgings.

Mont. I dare his malice to affirme, and tis not
Done like your selfe so fully with one breath, but with two
Two fames.

Duke. Shall I not credit my owne eares.

Mont. Deare Sir, collect your selfe, and let not passion
To Domitilla whom you may possesse,
Hereafter make you to unjule.

Duke. Deare Machiavill, This will not doe, the King shall know your stratagems.

Mont. Goe threaten babes, this would exalt my rage,
But I remember y'are a guest to Naples,
Nor would I grieve the ~~genius~~ of my country,
To place my owne revenge above her honour.

Duke. Poore shadow.

Mont. Now. Draw a dagger at the Duke's backe,
Twill not be safe, you know your charge.

Gnid. We are proud to see your excellency in health.

Duke. Where is the King?

Alo. A little busie Sir, I am not in yeare to tell you.

Alex.

The Merchant of Venice

Alex. Not yet I thinke, he is at his prayers.

Duke. He addes to his Letanies.

Guid. It wo' not needs, my lie to shew it in esteeme to him
I thinke his ghostly father can direct him, and that guid all
With whom he is in private.

Duke. I know not o' what his meaning is, but I am
How to interpret this, I want Philoberto.

Enter Othavio.

Othav. Your graces
Servant, he looks displeasd.

Guid. My Lord Othavio.

Othav. Your servant Lords.

Guid. You meet the Duke.

Othav. His face shewes discontent.

Alo. We shunne our fortunes in Montalbo smile,
By whose commands we have denied the Duke
Accessie to th' King.

Othav. You have done well, it much
Concernes my Lord, his and all our fauor
Depends upon't, continue still your care
And circumspection, and while I am within
Let none be admitted.

Guid. Let us alone,
A spirit may have the device to enter,
But if he have so much body as a Gnat
He know his errand, who's this, oh it tis
My Lady Domitillaes Secretary.

Enter Bona. Xerxes, polonius, Hippolyta
Bona. Here are so many tricks, and turnes, and dore
I these Court lodgings, I have lost my selfe.

Guid. Mr. Secretary, you know not where I blow my selfe

Bona. Twas you betayned me to the King, and caus'd
My Ladies to be sent for, with more cunning
To bring me hither, but alls one, he has
Not leane me yet nor shal noe, which

Is my way out of this labyrinth.

Alo. Why are you so unwilling the King should see you?

Guid. Or to live in Court, me thinkes this habite

Becomes

The Royall Master.

Becomes you now, does it not my Lord.

Alex. He lookes like a true Hero.

Bom. You are beside the story Sir, I did reade once

That Hero had no upper lip, shee was

A Lady of Leanders lake.

Guid. A wit? theres a new word, now for the Hellefons.

Heele make a subtile courtier.

Bom. It has undone me.

Alo. Vndone thee how?

Bom. I know not whether it be my wit or clothes,

Or disposition of the place, or all.

Together, but I am sure I am in love,

I finde it by the losing of my stomacke,

I am most strangely in love.

Guid. With whom?

Bom. I know not.

Alo. Can you not guesse.

Bom. I hope tis with my selfe, for I did vow

When my first mistresse dyed which was.

Guid. What?

Bom. A dairy made that we had i'th Countrey,

To love no living woman bove an hour,

Shee was the very creame of all her Sex,

Oft have we churn'd together.

Guid. And drunke healths

In Butter-milke.

Alo. But doe you hope you are in love with your selfe Sir.

Bom. Marry doe I Sir, is that so wonderfull at Court.

Guid. You are pleasant.

Alo. Lets be rid on him.

Guid. Come you shall now speake with the King,

And he shall knight thee, more honours may follow.

Bom. You shall excuse me, pur your honours

Vpon some body else.

Guid. Doe you know what tis.

Bom. I have not read of late.

Alo. But you are much given to hearing.

What is honour,

The Royall Master.

Bom. Honour a buble is that is soone broke,
A Gloworme seeming fire, but has no smoake.

Alo. There's fire and water.

Bom. And smoake for ayre,
A painted Sun-beame, peece of gilded Chaffe,
And he that trusts leanes to a broken staffe.

Qui. You should have reconcil'd the foure elements
To the conceit, there was fire, ayre, water,
Wheres the earth.

Bom. Oh he that leanes to a broken staffe shall
Finde that presently.

Enter King reading a paper, Othario.

Grid. The King.

Bom. King bee your leave, I vanish.

Exit Bombo.

King. This paper containes wonder, tis not possible.

Otha. Vpon my life Sir, *Philoberto* can demonstrate these.

King. The Divell has not art

To abuse us to, this will require some counsell;

Enter Montaldo.

Hee's here,

Montaldo. leave us.

Exeunt Lords.

Mont. Sir your pleasure.

King. Is all in thee, hast met with *Philoberto*?

Mont. Not yet.

King. No matter, I have thought upon't,
And doe conclude it best to let things passe.
Yet in a dreame, choise and enquiry may
Awake suspition upon innocence.

Mont. You cannot thinke her guilty Sir.

King. I am not
Without some feares, I have collected things
Since we conferr'd, that stagger my good thoughts.

Mont. Of her you cannot, Sir unthinkle agen,
What ever would betray her to your jealousy,
A Virgins Monument cannot be more chaste
In Temple.

King. Yes, yes, we may be all cozend,
And therefore let her passe among things desperate,

Yet

The Royall Master.

Yet were I certaine shhee were spotted thus,
As tis but a young Leprosie upon her,
I could wish heartily my Sister timely
Married, not to the Duke that would betray us,
But to some one I know not, who could love
Vs both, so well as be that rare friend.
And save our honours.

Mont. Doe you then suspect her.

King. Oh the Dukes Character had a powerfull fence,
And who knowes but shhee may be lost by one
Not fit to make her reparation,
Could any Nobleman be found in Naples
To binde her wound up by so great an aſt
Of lecrecy and marriage, but ſome wiade
May liſten and convey, I know not whether,
What my ſad breath has ſcatter'd in the aire,
Thy Maſter has no ſervant that dares take
One ſorrow from him.

Mont. You are Sir provided
Of more then that can riſe to in my ſervice.

King. Canſt thou be ſo compassionate to loſe
Thy hopes of richer beauty, for my ſake?
Darſt thou with all this knowledge hide her stainē,
And marry her?

Mont. My duty to your Maſtērie
Shall marry me to death, let not this trouble
The quiet of your heart, Ile take Theodosia,
And thiſke upon her as shhee had the whiteneſſe
Of my good Angell.

King. Th'art a miracle,
Teach me but which way I may reward this love,
Till now I had no poverty, thy worth
Will make me everlaſtingly in debt,
What ſhall I ſay?

Mont. Great Sir, no more, your favours
Flow from a bounty, which hath onely heaven
Above it.

King. They are all trifles, let me ſee,

The Royall Master.

Is nothing in thy power to make thee finde
My gratitudo? how barthen are we, wealth,
Honour.

Mont. Ther's nothing good or great you hav: not
Freely possest me with your favours would,
So mighty have they falme upon me, rather
Expresse a storme, and I had sunke beneath
The welcome violence, had not your love
From whence they fibwcd, enabled me to strength
And manly bearing.

King. I was improvident
To reserve nothing, or it was a faule
In thee to be so prodigall of merit
In thy past services, canst thou think of nothing
Worth my addition.

Mont. Nothing Sir, if I could have vnde

King. I have it, shal I tell thee? and I will
And thanke my better *genius* I have it,
Such a reward *Montalto* that I have
Be modest yet pronounce, never did Prince
Excede it to his friends.

Mont. Sir you amaze me,
And shame my want of merit.

King. In the title,
Let Kings peruse the benefit and study
An imitation to their best loved creatures,
Th'are great as fortune can invent, Ile teach thee
A way *Montalto*, to know all thy friends
And enemies.

Mont. That were a pretious knowledge,
Were it in nature, with your highnesse pardon
The hearts of men are not to be measured
With what we reach, the starrer, & fadome *Seas*,
Oh he thats active in a state has more
Chainde to him by the power and strength of office,
Then genuine respect, and tis not worth
Or person, but the fortunes of a Statesman
That sometimes men adore.

King

The Royall Master.

King. Tis true, and therefore
I am preud in this that I can teach thee looke
Into mens soules, to know 'em fit for scorne, or
Thy embraces.

Mon. How may this Sir be done?

King. Almost, i'th twinkling of an eye too.

Mont. Strange.

King. I seeme to frowne upon thee.

Mont. How Sir?

King. Doest apprehend me, I will counterfeit
That I am displeas'd with thee, doe not mistake me,
And have it voic'd about the Court, thou art
Confin'd, doest marke, at this will all thy enemies
Whose hearts thou canst not see, their tongues before
By thy great power silenc'd joyne in faction
Complainte, discover their whole stocke of malice,
Tickling their spleenes, that thou art out of favour,
Whom I shall heare and smile at, then all those
Whose honest soules deserve thee, will rise up,
The champions of thy fame o'th other side,
And be so many Oratours to make
Thy faith and honour shine, when this done,
The scene is chang'd, I send for thee, thou commest
With a most glorious traine, and then Ile smile,
Take thee agen i'th sight of all, discover
Twas but a tricke, thy friends keep still thy boſom,
And thou in triumph shooft a scorne with mine
To strike all envie dumbe; Iſt not a rare one?
I cannot doe enough for thee *Montalto*.

Mont. You have found out a way I must confess,
But with your pardon, I shall be more able
To do you service in the oþer ignorance,
Then ruine a desperate hazard in this knowledge,
Some hold it sinne, and capitall enough
To have the Princesse favour, which once lost
Though but in iſpition; they may rage,
And like a torrent rise to o'rewhelme nature.

King. These ſha not wound thee.

The Royall Master.

Mons. And how other Judges
May wrest the actions of a man employed
Though ne're so faithfull to his King and state.

King. I am confident of thy justice and decree,
Thy triumph in't, thy goodnesse thus conspicuous
Renders thee loved, and fit for *Theodosia*
When she is brightest, the Sunne never smil'd
More cherefull upon teeming earth,
Then I to finde thee perfect, for I doe
But seeme displeas'd, come, I will have it so,
If thou dost love me, no dispute, but let me
Pursue my fancie meant to doe thee honour.
Who waites?

Enter Lords.

Now it begins,
Attend my Lord *Montalbo* to his Chamber,
Where our will is, he be confin'de untill
Our pleasure further kno' we.

Guid. How's this?

Alex. Alo. Confin'd!

King. No ceremony Sir, when that's done,
We easie you of the trouble too of waiting,
You know the way my Lords to your owne lodgings,
From whence on perill of our anger stirre not
Vntill wee send for you — *Ottavio.*

Guid. Doe we not dreame.

Mont. Something wo'd creepe
Like a dead sleepe upon me, I am in
A Labyrinth, but hence with coward feare,
I know the worst, grim death can but translate
Me hence, and there's an end of death and fate.

The first Act.

Simphorosa, Theodosia, Domitilla.

Theo. He conforted and counseld *Domitilla*,
I have my part in loves affliction,

Sim.

The Royall Master.

Sim. This I fear'd,

Enter Iacomo.

I must acquaint the King, where is your fellow
Bumbo? his mirth might now be seasonable.

Iaca. Hee's gone Madam.

Sim. Gone, whither?

Iaca. Backe to the country house, he heard of my Lord
Montaloes disgrace, and the feare of his sapp'ying
The place of a favorite, sent him away this morning
With all his moveables, the countrey he faies
Is wholesome, where he will dye without feare or wit when
His time comes he durst not stay to see the King. *Exit Iaca.*

Sim. Would we had still beeene strangers to the Court,
Leave us, my daughter is much bound to your grace.
Dom. It is the King you speake of, pray be carefull
You speake all goodnesse of him, he deserves it,
And will when I am dead.

Sim. Ile lose no time.

Enter Theo.

Theo. I wish it prosper.
Dom. I dare not say the King dissembles with me,
That were a fault beyond my love, but sure
Something he said that made my heart beleive.
He did not meane me for another, and
Montalo, whose reward I must be thought,
Is now confin'd, and under his displeasure.

Theo. He will have more care of his honour then
To place thee sounworthily, *Montalo*.
Has plaid the cunning traytour with our loves,
If I may trust thee noble *Philoberto*
That told me the whole story of his falsehood,
Which I before suspected.

Dom. And if he should dispise me as tis justice,
Will heaven be angry if I love him still;
Or will the King call it a treason in me?
If hee doe, I can willingly dye for't,
And with my last words pray he may live happy,
But why am I this trouble to your grace?
My story is not worth one of your minutes.

Deare

The Royall Master.

Deare Madam pardon me, and teach me how
To make my time more happy, spent in someting
That may concerne your highnesse, you doe love too.

Enter Iacomo.

Iaca. Madam, the Duke of Florence.

Theo. How the Duke?

Dom. Why does he visite me? Madam indeed
You may beleeve I love him not.

Theo. Admit him
I prethe, and conceale me *Domitilla*,
I know he comes a wooing to thy beauty;
I prethe let me heare the second part?

Dom. I shal against my owne desires obey you.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The ambition of my eyes can not be thought
Immodest, if they ever wish to dwell here;
They have found their light agen, let no misfortune
Be a second caule to bury me in darenesse.

Dom. Your graces pardon, if my haste to attend
The King and his commands made me appeare
Rude when I left your excellency.

Duke. This does more
Then satisfie.

Dom. I know not how I may
Stand guilty in your thoughts by keeping a
Rich Casket.

Duke. You honor'd me to accept it.
Dom. But with a blush I must remember too
I did not thanke you, there was want of time
Or manners, I must leave it to your mercy,
And would by any duty to your grace
Expiate my errour.

Duke. Madam it is not worth
The mention of this gratitude, Your breath
Makes the oblation rich, and me who am
Encourag'd by your vertue, to present you
With something of more valem, then a world
Of these poore empty glories, I dare give you

My

The Royall Master.

My heart Madam.

Dom. Bleffe your grace from ſuch a meaning.

Duke. Can you be cruell to it?

Dom. I ne're had

The confidence to looke upon a wound,

And ſuch a breeding object as your heart

Would fright my ſenses.

Duke. You are more ingeniouſe

Then not to understand that I meane love,

I love you Madam, beſt of all your ſex.

Dom. You cannot Sir, you dare not.

Duke. How?

Dom. You dare not be ſo wicked I am am ſure

When you remember, what you are, a Prince.

Duke. Is it a ſinne for Princes to love Madam?

Dom. Or if you could diſpence with ſo much paſſion,

To love me, and durſt give me, what I tremble

To thiſke you promife that, that very act

In which you moſt advance affection to me,

Would make me thiſke you love me not.

Duke. Be cleaſer.

Dom. How ſhould I thiſke his courtiſhip worth my truſt,

And meeke him with a reall change of hearts,

Who in his very firſt attempt of love,

Would blaſt my honour, and betray me to

A shame, blacke as the tongue of infamy.

Duke. Would I?

Dom. And more,

For you in this

Would tempt me to an act, by which I ſhould

Not onely wound my ſelue to death of honour,

But make me guilty of anothers blood,

And kill an innocent Lady, whose leaſt teare

Is worth a thouſand lives of perjur'd men,

That make a ſcorne of vertue.

Duke. What Lady?

Dom. Have you forgot the Prince? He Sir?

Duke. The Prince! Dom.

The Royall Master.

Dow. In that name youle finde your selfe agen,
Lost in a mist of passions, oh thinke
The fames and hopes of two rich countries are
Engag'd upon your faith, your highnesse pardon,
I finde some blushes chide my too much boldnesse,
And by a nearer view now of your godnesse,
I see my error to beleeve you meant,
Other then triall of me, or could fall
To any thought beneath your birth and honour.

Duke. But if *Theodosia* be made another
By her owne gift, and *Montaltos* with whist
Justice may I be thought then to addresse
My passions hicher.

Dow. If the *Princesse*, which
I must not thinke, give your heart backe agen,
And that you could quit all your tyes with honour,
My thoughts are all resign'd to the Kings will,
He must dispose of me by my owne vow,
Without his free consent never to marry. Exit.

Duke. The King, theretis, I thought shee was his mistresse,
Tis not possible the *Princesse* now
~~Can pardon my neglect,~~ *Montaltos* practise
Upon me, and his poysoning of her vertue
Wo'not excuse my shame, I dare not see
Whom I have injur'd. *Theodosia* ;
In am resolv'd, this night, to stalle from *Naples*.

Enter Theodosia.

Theo. Nay doe not hinde your face my Lord, it will
Appeare as fresh and lovely to my eyes,
As when it first presented me your smiles,
I am *Theodosia* still.

Duke. But I have beeene.

Theo. Abus'd, time will discover to the maine
Of his owne name, and glory of our loves,
Montaltos practise to divide our soules.

Duke. You cannot be so mercifull, or else
This sweetnesse is put on to enlarge my guilt,
When we are both compar'd, dare you beleeve

The Royall Master.

I can repent and bē reveng'd.

Theo. Vpon whom?

Duke. Vpon my selfe, for suffering my *eyes* to wander from this sweetnesse.

Theo. You outdoe

The satisfaction, if your grace can finde

Me grow agen within your heart, wherē first

My love desired to plant.

Duke. Oh let me drowne

My blushes in this ovet flow of charity;

But there's an aet that justice calls me to,

Before I can be worthy of this peace,

Montalto has plaid the villaine, now I finde it,

And from his treacherous heart my Iword must force

A bloody satisfaction for thy honoūr,

Poyson'd by him.

Theo. Stay that revenge, shame has

Already sunke him.

Enter a Courtier.

Court. Sir the King desires

Some conference with your grace, and with you Madam.

Theo. I shall attend you Sir, we shall present

Together, thus no object to displease him.

Duke. Though I shal blushe to see him, Ile waite on you.

Enter King, Roviero, Andruigo, Petitioners.

King. Good heaven, upon what humane bofonie shall

We that are made your substitutes on earth

Place securē confidence? and yet there may

Be malice in complaints, the flourishing Oak

For his extēnt of Branches, stature, growth,

The darling and the Idol of the wood,

Whose awefall nod the under trees adoe,

Shooke by a tempest, and throwne downe must needs

Submit his earled head and full grownē limbs,

To every common Axe, be patient, while

The tortures put to every joynt, the Srewes

And engines, making with their very noyse

The Forrests groane and tremble, but not one

The Royall Master.

When it was in his strength and state revil'd ic,
Whom poverty of soule, and envy sends
To gather stickes from the trees wish'd for ruine,
The great mans Embleme, I did love *Montalto*,
And wod not have hign lost if justice would
Consent, and be a little of his side;
But here are the two plummets weigh him downe,
His impious practice on the Duke, and base
Aspertions on our sister that defame
Our whole blood, is a loud, loud accusation.

Rivi. His conscience dares not Sir deny't.

King. And you
Speake here the tragicke story of *Riviero*,
Whose honest soule for not complying with
His power and ends, chose in a discontent
To make himselfe an exile, yee purfude,
And by the practie of *Montalto* poyson'd
At Rome.

Andr. This letter sent to *Alvarez*,
Whose treacherous Physicke purg'd his soule away,
Is too much testimony.

King. Tis his Character.

Enter Ollavie.
Ollavie, you come for justice too.

Ollavie. It were a vaine breath to desire it Sir,
Your thoughts are still so conscious of vertue,
They will prevent petition.

King. Come nearer.

Rivi. The King is troubled.

Andr. Where he loved to finde
So much ingratitude.

King. *Andrugio*.

Rivi. Things are not yet mature for my discovery.

King. You observe —away — *Exit Andr. Ollavie.*
We may be just *Philoberto*,
Yet not destroy another attribute;
Which shewes whose representative we are,
Mercy becomes a King, too much can be.

But

The Royall Master.

But thought a sinne on the right hand, we are
Resolv'd.

Enter Simphorasa.
Madam you are welcome.

Rivi. I begin
To feare there is some spell upon the King,
If after this *Montalto* shall prevale,
Let innocence be stronger to the world,
And heaven be afraid to punish vice.

King. Remove
For a few minutes.

Rivi. I obey.

King. You tell me wonders Madam, las poore Lady,
I shall then have enough to reconcile,
Shee was too hasty to interpret me
Her lover.

Sim. If you Sir apply no cure,
The fond impression may I feare indanger
Her fence and life, I urg'd *Montalto* Sir
By your command, before his change of fortune,
But shee tooke no delight to heare him name.

King. No, no, nor I, good heaven how I am troubled
How to repaire this pretty peece of innocence,
Whom I have brought into a wakynge dreame
Of passion, something I must doe, pray tell me,
But tell me truth, I charge thee by thy duty,
To me, to *Naples*, and to heaven, or if
There be in womans faith, or thy Religion,
Any thing else to make it up a full
And perfect coniuracion.

Sim. You fright me,
Without these not a thought within my heart
But you have power to summon.

King. Tell me then,
Is *Dimitilla* virtuous?

Sim. How Sir?

King. Is shee exceeding virtuous, is shee most
Divinely chaste, can shee doe more then blush
At wanton sounds, will shee be very angry.

The Royall Master.

At an inmodeſt offer, and be trifted
To heare it nam'd, tell me, does ſhee pray
And weepe, and wod be torne upon the racke
Ere ſhee conſent to ſtaine ope virgin thought?
Or dares ſhee more then Lucrece kill her ſelfe
To ſave her honour, or doe ſomething more
Miraculoſly then all this to preſerve
Her white name to posterity.

Sim. I know not
How to reply to theſe particulars,
But if your meaning be to have me ſpeake
Truth of her modeſt and pure thoughts, ſhee is
All that her mother can beſeech of heaſen
To bleſſe a childe with of ſo chrift a foule,
And vertuous ſimplicity.

King. No more,
I doe beleefe, and will finde out a way
To make her ſatisfaction, tis juſt,
Say I deſire her preſence.

Sim. Now you bleſſe us,
A widdowes prayers and teares for this great bounty. *Exit.*

Enter Roder.

Rivi. Your ſitter and the Duke Sir.

King. There's new trouble.

Rivi. Never ſo lovingly united,
The pleasant language of their eyes and gestures
Doth ſpeak their hearts at peace.

King. That would rejoyce me.

Enter Duke, Theodoſia.

Theo. Take us to your love,
All jealousies are banifh'd, and we both
Breath from one foule.

King. My wonder and my joy.

Duke. Your pardon.

King. Take my boſome.

Theo. The miſfortune
Kept us at diſtance, was your creatures aft.

King. The clouds are now remov'd.

Rivi.

The Royal Master.

Rivi. Lord Montalto, Sir.

King. Let Musick speake.

His deare approach, we sent for him.

Rivi. How's this?

King. Let me intreat you to obscure your persons

A while. *Exit Duke, Theodore.*

Lord Musick. Enter Guido, Aloisio, Alexio,
Andruigio, Ottavio, Montalto.

King. My Lord y'are welcome to us, very welcome
We have kept our word, and finde you have not lost
Your confidence, what a brave armour is
An innocent soule ? How like a rocke it bids
Defiance to a storme, against whose ribbes
The insolent waves, but dash themselves in peeces,
And fall and hide their heads in passionate foame,
How would a guilty person tremble now,
Looke pale, and with his eyes chain'd to the ground,
Betray his feare of justice.

Mont. Where should honour
Shine with his pure and native lustre but
Where there is such a King, so good, so great,
The example and reward, he must be
A rebell twice to vertue that carrieth
To be convinc'd of a dishonour heare
Such an instructive goodness, Lord Sennet accept.

King. Where be all his fierce accusers?
Call 'em to his presence,
Whom all their envies would destroy.

Rivi. So, so,
The King is charm'd.

Ottav. They are gone apon the first
Newes of my Lords retурne, they vanish'd Sir.

Mont. So may alfreason fly the brow of innocency.

King. Tis well said, but they sha'not fly their names,
Reade there just to our thoughts, they apprehended
Thee lost in our displeasure (wheres our filter?)
And now they came to be reveng'd of Montalto,
Upon our favour.

Guido.

The Royall Master

Guid. Right, and please your grace.

King. Theres something may concerne your want of grace,

Andrungio, Philobert, of that a d *Gives them paper!*

Mont. We are undone Guido, and I see more

Engines are leveld at my fate.

Rivi. The King would have your Lordship peruse this.

Andr. And these.

Rivi. That you may know your friends and enemies,

Mont. Lost, lost for ever.

Rivi. Sir you know

You have obliged the Princessse Theodore,

And the Duke to you, and you may presume

To use their favours, they are here.

Enter Duke, Theodore.

Mont. Twere better to list of chescord his blis bess than this.

For me they had no beeing. I did never

Expect this, to accuse me for the death

Of Riviero, but I must obey

This fatal revolution.

King. Why does Montalti kneele?

Mont. I dare not aske your pardon, I did not mean to do it.

Onely I beg you would put on a brow

Rough as the cause you have to make it frowne,

And that may strike me dead without more torment.

King. Ingratefull man, am I rewarded thus,

Not onely with my faith abus'd and subiects,

But wounding all our honours.

Theo. Let him finde your mercy Sir

For his offence to me.

Enter Simphorasa, Domitilla.

King. I must not, dare not pardon, twere a finnesse,

In me of violence to heaven and justice.

Mont. You have beene a Royall Master.

King. Take him hence,

His life will draw a scorne upon the Kingdome,

Expect the censure of our lawes, you gentlemen,

We onely banish from the court,

Guo, Alois, Alex. You are mercifull.

King.

The Royall Master.

King. Pray and be honest.
Rivi. That last will be the greatest penance to 'em.

King. My passion would be strong but here is one
Come to divert the streme, how is it with you? I would
My pretty *Domitilla*, you and I
May change some words in private.

Ottav. The King is jalt, and tis within your silence
To make *Montalto* nothing.

Rivi. Hee will sinke
Apace without that weight upon him, malice
Shall have no share in my revenge.

King. And since *Montalto*
Is become incapable,
I wo'nt marry thee, that's a thing too common;
But thou shalt be my mistresse, a preferment
Above my first intention, be wise
And entertaine it, oh the dayes and nights
Weele spend together.

Ottav. The King's very pleasant
With *Domitilla*.

King. Come kisse me
Domitilla. kisse me no so
Before all these, what needs this modesty,
Come let us take in one anothers soule.

Dom. Are you the King of *Naples*.

King. So they call me,
And if there be a power within that name
It shall be thine to make thee glorious,
And great above our Queene; here is no title
Like unto that our heate and blood creates
A mistresse *Domitilla*.

Dom. Are you Sir in earnest?

King. Doe but thou consent, and I
Will give thee such a proofe in my embraces
Of the delight; they will not follow us,
Ile tell thee more i' th bed-chamber.

Dom. I dare
Not understand this language, can the King

The Royal Master.

Be impious, how was my opinion cozen'd
Sinne hath deform'd his very shape, his voyce
Hath now ne harmony.

King. This is but to draw
More courtship from me.

Dom. Pardon I beseech you,
I have found my error.

King. Will shee yeeld?

Dom. I did consent
Too soone to my captivity,
Though modesty would not allow me strength
To tell you so, but you have Sir, by what
My fond thoughts never did expect, reliev'd me,
To make me know my selfe, and now preserving
That duty which I owe you as my King,
I call love backe agen, and can looke on
Your lusts with a becoming scorne.

King. You can.

Dom. Yes, and were Naples, Rome, and all the wealth
Of Italy laid downe, the great temptation,
Thus I would spurne their glories.

King. Come this is but the tricke of all your sex,
We know you can dissemble appetite,
As if you were not flesh and blood.

Dom. Sir give
Me leave to goe while I have power to pray for you,
Where was I lost: is there no friend to goodnesse,
Have I contracted such a leporous forme
That I have lost all mens defence and charity.

Ottav. Madam your innocencie doth raise in me
Though young, a willing champion, and with
My safe obedience to the King, I dare,
Arm'd with the witnessse of her cause, desie
The greatest souldier in the world.

King. How's this?

Ottav. Sir, in a noble cause, if you to whom
In the first place truth flies as to an Altar,
Wave her religious defence, I dare dye for her.

The Royall Master.

King. You so brave? to prison with him;
We will correct your fauincesse.

Ottav. You will grace
My first act Sir, and get me fame by suffering
For so much sweetnesse.

Dom. Let not your displeasure
Great Sir fall upon him, revenge what you
Call disobedience here.

King. You owe much to
His confidence, nor is there any punishment
Beyond your love and liking of his boldnesse,
You two should make a marriage with your follies.

Ottav. Let *Domitilla* make *Ottavio*
So blest.

Dom. My Lord you now deserve I should
Be yours, whom with the hazard of the Kings
Anger, and your owne life you have defended,
There is a spring of honour here, and too it
I th' presence of the King, his Court and Heaven,
I dare now give my heart, nor is't without
My duty to a promise.

Ottav. Now you make
Ottavio happy.

King. Tis to my desires,
And I dare wish you joyes, forgive this practise,
Nay preety *Domitilla* I did this
But to divert more happily thy thoughts
Of me, who have not paide yet the full tribute
To my *Cesarinas* dust, agen let me
Congratulate thy choise in young *Ottavio*,
Whose birth and forward vertue will deserve thee,
Brother and sister love, and wish them happiness.

Theo. May all joyes spring within their hearts.

Duke. I must present this gentleman to be more knowne

Ottav. I hope you are no enemy to this blessing. (to you.

Sim. I adde what doth become a most glad mother,
My blessing to your loves.

King. Noble *Riviero.*

The Royal Master.

Be impious, how was my opinion cozen'd
Sinne hath deform'd his very shape, his voyce
Hath now no harmony.

King. This is but to draw me to you, to come
More courtship from me.

Dom. Pardon I beseech you,
I have found my error.

King. Will shee yeeld?
Dom. I did consent

Too soone to my captivity,
Though modesty would not allow me strength
To tell you so, but you have Sir, by what
My fond thoughts never did expect, reliev'd me,
to make me know my selfe, and now preserving
That duty which I owe you as my King,
I call love backe agen, and can looke on
Your lusts with a becomming scorne.

King. You can.

Dom. Yes, and were Naples, Rome, and all the wealth
Of Italy laid downe, the great temptation,
Thus I would spurne their glories.

King. Come this is but the tricke of all your sex,
We know you can dissemble appetite,
As if you were not flesh and blood.

Dom. Sir give
Me leave to goe while I have power to pray for you,
Where was I lost: is there no friend to goodnesse,
Have I contracted such a leprous, formeless, and odious sin,
That I have lost all mens defence and charity.

Ottav. Madam your innocence doth raise in me
Though young, a willing champion, and with
My safe obedience to the King, I dare,
Armde with the witnesse of her cause, defend
The greatest souldier in the world.

King. How's this?
Ottav. Sir, in a noble cause, if you to whom
In the first place truth flies as to an Altar,
Wavc her religious defence, I dare dye for her.

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King.

The Royall Master.

King. You so brave? to prison with him;
We will correct your sauciness.

Ottav. You will grace
My first act Sir, and get me fame by suffering
For so much sweetnesse.

Dom. Let not your displeasure
Great Sir fall upon him, revenge what you
Call disobedience here.

King. You owe much to
His confidence, nor is there any punishment
Beyond your love and liking of his boldnesse,
You two should make a marriage with your follies.

Ottav. Let *Domitilla* make *Ottavio*
So blest.

Dom. My Lord you now deserve I should
Be yours, whom with the hazard of the Kings
Anger, and your owne life you have defended,
There is a spring of honour here, and too it
I'th presence of the King, his Court and Heaven,
I dare now give my heart, nor is't without
My duty to a promise.

Ottav. Now you make
Ottavio happy.

King. Tis to my desires,
And I dare wish you joyes, forgive this practise,
Nay preety *Domitilla* I did this
But to divert more happily thy thoughts
Of me, who have not paide yet the full tribute
To my *Cesarinas* dust, agen let me
Congratulate thy choise in young *Ottavio*,
Whose birth and forward vertue will deserve thee,
Brother and sister love, and wish them happiness.

Theo. May all joyes spring within their hearts.

Duke. I must present this gentleman to be more knowne

Ottav. I hope you are no enemy to this blessing. (to you.

Sim. I adde what doth become a most glad mother,
My blessing to your loves.

King. Noble *Riviero.*

The Royall Master.

Rivi. I live agen by your acknowledgment.

Duke. Sir you may trust my testimony, *Alvarez*
Letter is now an argument of his safety,
Who is yet living to increase the guilt
Of false *Montako*.

King. Welcome, & thy life
That hath revers'd *Montakos* doome, whose sentence
Now shall bee onely banishment, our hearts
Are full and sprightly, nothing wants but to
Perfect with holy ceremony, what
Your hearts have seal'd, mirth in each bosome flowers,
Distraction never had so sweet a close.

F I N I S.



THE EPILOGUE.

As it vvas spoken to the Lord Deputie
on Newyeares-day at night, by way
of vote, congratulating the
New yeaer.



*Vr Poet desh forgot his Play,
There is something he would pay
Due to your greatnesse, and the day
Which by a revolution of the spheare*

*Is proud to open the New yeaer.
And having look'd on you, hath bid his face,
And Chang'd his robe with Starres to grace
And light you going to bed, so waite
With trembling Lustre on your state.*

*Sbine brighteryet, y' are not the same
Cleare Lampes you were, shine like the name
Of him I bow too, while a flame
Alive, and burning here with pure desires
Shall equall the best borrowed fires. (blood,
May health, the bosomes friend, stremme through your
And know no ebb of the chaste flood,
And though time shift, and yeares renew,
May yet the Spring be still in you.*

WINTER 2000

The Railways

Asb made and true, and haly Gordian, prove

From the Top-branch, in India, THE
Andhra, the fair Top-branch, whose early blooms

As it always has been,
and your name be kept,
and your story go before us,
our Uncle's cause defend.

All your friends are welcome to

In your bosom dwell soft peace,

and Justice, the true root of these;

W^ealsh be the worst, and outside of your face,

And may the blessing of your life transpire.

Tell for your Royal Master, and the King,
The King of England, and the Queen.

Four weeks have filled a chronicle,
In all that was said and done.

in all that is great, and good, be built
- and every man be a citizen of the world.

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FINIS.

